

THE SCOURGE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1814.

To Correspondents, see back		His deformities.....	125
The DIVINE and the DONKEY; or		Instances	126-127
Petworth Frolics.....	89	Disgraceful passages	128
Princely accomplishments.....	90	The predictions of the Edinburgh	
Festivities of Petworth.....	91	Reviewers	129
A jolly divine	92	Mr. Southey's politics	130
His amorous propensities	93	PARSONS, AUTHORS, CUCK-	
A novel bedfellow.....	94	OLDS, &c.	131
Mistakes of a night.....	95	Clerical education	132
Princely virtue	96	Advantage of cuckoldom.....	133
On the MORAL and RELIGIOUS		Singular courtship.....	134
CHARACTER of STEALING..	97	Female deception	135
Antiquity of thieving	98	Pregnant ladies.....	136
Morality of thieving	99	A fortunate bequest	137
Devotion of thieves	100	The PLAYERS.	
Scene in St. Giles's	101	Character of actors	138
New South Wales.....	102	Their situation in life.....	139
The thieves and the apostles.....	103	Their merits	140
The LONDON APPRENTICE'S		Management.....	141
JOURNAL.....	104	Injurious effect of private vice..	142
A dashing Cockney	105	Lapses of virtue.....	143
How to pass a Sunday	106	MESSENGER BELL and the RE-	
A Bagnigge Wells scene	107	GISTER OFFICE.....	144
Further ANECDOTES of THOMAS		Westminster Central Mart	145
COOKE, the Pentonville Miser		Its purposes	146
A livery-stable keeper.....	109	SANCTIMONIOUS PERFDY.....	147
Cooke's amours.....	110	Seduction and hypocrisy.....	148
His parental affection	111	FEMALE CHARACTERS and Ma-	
Sacrament Sunday.....	112	rimonial Advertisements	149
A visit to Bagnigge Wells.....	113	A bachelor's speculations	150
Mr. Quigley	114	An amorous interview.....	151
Skittle-ground pastimes.....	115	Miss Penelope Prim.....	152
ANECDOTES of COUNT CAGLI-		A congratulatory billet.....	153
OSTRO	116	Domestic hauteur.....	154
Count de St. Germain	117	LIVING ANIMALS selected to	
Supposititious children	118	range in the R—— Park....	155
Parisian intrigues	119	A Pole-cat.....	156
Female orgies	120	The Earwig.....	157
The kiss of friendship.....	121	NEW CROSS READINGS.....	158
The REVIEWER. No. XXVII.		Patriots and princes.....	159
Carmen Triumphale, by Robert		POLITICAL OBSERVER.....	160
Southey.....	122	PETER PRY to the Editor of the	
Modern loyalty	ib.	Scourge.....	165
Industry of our legitimate writers	123	MISCELLANEA	166
Mr. Southey's negligence.....	124	THEATRICAL REVIEW	168

THE SCOURGE

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We trust that the article on thieving will be read in the spirit by which its composition was directed, and that the irony will be understood before it is condemned. The author's piety is as exemplary as his abilities are great.

The valuable and interesting works to which A. L. L. alludes shall meet with early notice.

We thank Omicron for his offer of a number of the *Pulpit*. Its insertion will depend on the subject of his strictures, and the manner in which they are written.

The poem, entitled "A portly Prince to Petworth came," is witty, but too licentious and libellous for insertion.

Several quires of what is termed poetry by the persons who transmit them, have been committed to the flames of the office.

We have received a treatise, on the taciturnity of Rowland Hill, the modesty of Mother Griffiths, the chastity of Mrs. Clarke, and the courage of General Whitelocke. We scarcely understand the dissertation on *non-entities*, but shall be happy to understand it with the assistance of a key, that we may explain it to our readers.

We have received a great variety of Essays at too late a period of the month for insertion—a circumstance the more to be regretted, as many of them relate to subjects of a momentary nature.



Printed Feb. 9th 1814 by W. A. Jones 110 5 Newgate Street.



THE DIVINE and the DONKEY — or Petwo



Why Jemmy you must not kick
in this manner when you have
got your Bedfellow with you

Oh dear! Oh dear!
I shall die with laughing
what will the Parson say
when he finds what a
strange bed fellow he
has got

Come lets drink a
Bon Repos to them

Bon Repos to ourselves
for there will be a rare duel
of snoring & Bragging

Petworth Frolicks.

THE SCOURGE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1814.

THE DIVINE AND THE DONKEY;

OR,

PETWORTH FROLICS.

SIR,

I AM but an unlettered sort of man, and not much given to find fault with my betters. My loyalty is unquestionable, for I once got my head broke in defending the "right divine" of kings against a noted republican, who figured away when Jack Frost first rose into popularity; and I cannot give you a juster proof of my peaceful demeanor as a good citizen than when I declare that I pay all taxes which I cannot escape. I love the crown and study my bible; two things which, if ministers and bishops are right, mainly contribute to form quiet and well-disposed subjects. As for the constitution, I take that upon trust, and believe that whoever is king *must be* the guardian of our liberties. My loyalty to sceptres and thrones is very much like the fidelity of a dog; an instinct rather than a principle: or if it can be said to have any character of rationality about it, I am certain it goes no further than a passive acquiescence in that noble doctrine, "whatever is, is right." My optimism is so great, indeed, that I can never find in my heart to condemn a speculator, or revile an assassin, because I am satisfied that what appears criminal in their conduct is only so in consequence of our limited and perverted understandings. Of all systems of philosophy this is certainly the most comfortable, because it not only disposes us to forgive the failings of others, but by a natural consequence it provides an ample veil

to cast over our own : *every thing is for the best*, is a precept of incalculable value, and I recommend its adoption to every grumbler whose censorious passions gnaw like a canker at the root of his felicity, and make him miserable in detecting the follies and vices of others.

With this amiable propensity in my nature I am sure neither you nor your readers will suspect me of any intention to degrade, bring into contempt or vilify the illustrious P—— R——t. A few moody and petulant writers have indeed attempted to cast a shade of ridicule upon some of his qualities and pursuits, but their censures are to me the most convincing proof of the virtues and heroic attributes of that truly great personage. We have had a succession of gloomy, plodding, thinking, and sedate monarchs since the reign of William III. and the nation almost despaired of ever again beholding the gay seductive pleasures of a court which might revive the memory of Charles II, a king whose private and political actions this country holds in due reverence and gratitude. The splenetic and licentious wit of Rochester, indeed, pronounced of him that “he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one;” but the sober dignity of truth must not be confounded with the antithesis of a fervent imagination. The qualities that compose a great prince have never been exactly defined, but I believe no definition could be formed which would exclude the august character of the P—— R——t. He sings beautifully—(so says the Morning Herald) he dances gracefully—he yooos like an Apollo—in dress, his taste is matchless—and in the pleasures of the table, his ardour is resistless.

But I pass from the general contemplation of those qualities that constitute his claim to the epithet of a great prince, in order to perform the specific object of this letter, which is to shew that the spirit of grandeur and magnanimity which pervades all his public acts belongs no less to those which embellish and adorn, while they also dignify his familiar and friendly intercourse with the *magnats* of the land. In those moments of elegant relaxation which the severe toils of his august mind

occasionally demand, we behold the same lofty and elevated spirit lending a grace and majesty even to his most private and retired enjoyments; so truly does Young observe that

Triflers not even in trifles can excel,
'Tis *solid* bodies only polish well.

When the news of the battle of Leipsig first arrived, the P—— happened to be down upon a visit to Lord E——t at his seat in Sussex. An official bulletin was immediately sent off by ministers with the glorious tidings, which could not fail to rejoice his heart and feelings. Joy operates differently upon different individuals. It fills some men with placid, and some with tumultuous satisfaction: while others think it a point of conscience to get drunk in testimony of their delight. In order to afford full scope for the display of all these several modes of happiness, according to degrees, stations and habits of life, the P—— ordered the clergyman of the place, the Rev. Mr. D——, to read the bulletin to the people at the market cross, and you may suppose great festivities ensued. It was expected, indeed, by some of the unreflecting and ignorant populace that H—— R—— H—— would have graciously condescended to bestow a sum of money, to enable those who were poor to enjoy the news as well as the rich; but the R—— is too faithful a guardian of the public purse to squander it so unprofitably, and too zealous a promoter of public morals to provide the means of their violation by debauchery and riot.

At the *great house*, however, wonderful rejoicings ensued. The noble owner entertained his royal guest with liberal hospitality. Eating and drinking were there reckoned legitimate marks of joy; and so sincere was their zeal that some, I am informed, ate themselves into a surfeit, and others drank till their eyes reeled in their sockets. The healths of the Crown Prince and Blucher were toasted with enthusiasm; and the R——t was uncommonly eloquent in his praises of his magnanimous and faithful allies, while he expatiated with noble pride

upon the number of guns that had been fired since he had been R——t, in St. James's Park and at the Tower.

Among the guests invited was the reverend clergyman who had read the bulletin at the market-cross to the assembled populace. As the evening waxed late, the P—— and the parson both waxed jovial; and a learned debate ensued between them upon the principles of Catholicism. The P—— was stubborn, and maintained inflexibly that every thing Catholic was vile and bad, while the parson vowed, with a hiccup, that he could prove to the contrary; for it was an indisputable fact that all the *best wines* came from *Catholic countries*. This was a powerful and conclusive argument, and it was observed that the P—— afterwards grew more tolerant with every glass that he swallowed. What influence this new ray of light may have upon the next discussion of the Catholic question is uncertain; but there is no doubt that if Mr. Sheridan were now in parliament, he would descant with great felicity upon this potent argument in favour of the Catholic religion.

The gay and graceful frolics which wine produces we all know; and I dare say, Mr. Editor, you have yourself, before now, yielded to its fascinating impulse. Like death, it is one of the grand levellers of the human race, and makes no distinction between the peer and the peasant where it once gains the ascendant. "No man," said a celebrated French writer, "is a hero to his valet de chambre," and no man, it may equally be affirmed, is always great and wise in his cups; no, not even he who is saturated with divinity: and so, alas! it happened to the reverend divine already mentioned. His loyalty was so great that he very soon became unable to express it; and his zeal so ardent, that it glowed in every feature of his face, and shone with resplendent brightness from the tip of his rubicund nose. His very eyes twinkled with admiration, and his heart was so full of delight, that he in vain endeavoured to give utterance to his feelings; the words faltered on his tongue, and only detached syllables of intoxicating joy could be heard. "*Sinu Baccho friget*

Venus," says the adage. The parson felt its truth. Wine was in his head; love in his heart: every vein glowed with inextinguishable fire.

Now there happened to be in the family of the noble earl, at whose mansion these festivities were passing, a fair, yielding, amorous nymph, called *Margery*. Her charms who shall describe? That eye, which looked more lovely because it was single and eclipsed by no rival. That nose, which in a waving line of beauty hung like a drooping flower over a pair of lips, which I will not compare to coral, because it is a trite image, and because they resembled rather the leather valves of a well known domestic instrument; that chin, elevated in generous elevation to meet the kind approaches of the nose; that bosom, whose ample beauties no corset could confine nor any kerchief conceal; that form, too, which though a little serpentine, still exhibited grace and loveliness, while her feet closed over each other as she walked, as if modestly to guard the approaches to the sacred temple of her virgin purity and honor. Charms like these no pen could adequately describe. Charms like these no heart could resist. They had long won that of the parson, and he, it is said, had long been in possession of all they could surrender.

On the night in question his warm devotions to the rosy god of wine had lighted up a very different fire in his heart to that which his beloved daily lighted in the kitchen; and, towards the close of the evening, he slyly stole, as he thought, from the table to seek his enamoured fair. He found her in the very act of sacrificing to the Pleiades, those watery divinities whose temple no profane tongue shall pronounce. It was an interesting situation! The ardent love of the youth, and the coy bashfulness of the maiden, presented a picture which the pencil of a Titian would fail to pourtray. It was a sweet confusion that heightened all her charms, and invigorated all his desires. What could ensue, but what did? A short and expressive dialogue followed, the issue of which was that the half-reluctant, yet half-willing

nymph consented to receive that night those spiritual instructions which she had so often before imbibed from the zealous exhortations of the divine.

This appointment made, the parson returned to the jovial scene. But his negotiations had not been made with such secrecy as he imagined; a rumour of them reached the ears of his companions, and it was instantaneously resolved to punish his speculative immorality by a practical joke. This joke, as its aim was to *correct* and *amend*, the P—— eagerly seconded and applauded. A small ass-foal, of the feminine gender, happening to be grazing in his lordship's meadow, and being indisputably a virgin, she was destined to the high honor of sharing the divine's bed that night. All the young lords present, anxious to testify their zeal to royalty, with the noble owner of the mansion at their head, immediately sallied forth to make the necessary preparations, while the P—— and two or three more were left to ply the parson with wine that he might be quite fit to receive his new and unexpected bride.

The innocent lady, not dreaming what violation was meditating against her, was found under a hedge quietly munching some cabbage-stalks. As the intruders upon her privacy approached, she suddenly started up, and rearing her hind legs in defiance of the assault, they fell with such a clatter upon the head of the Earl of Y—— that if his lordship had not had the thickest scull of any man in England, it would infallibly have been cracked by the concussion: as it was, however, he only rolled into a ditch, from which he was soon extricated by Sir Thomas F—— and Colonel B——, vowing bitter vengeance against any ass, male or female, that should dare assault his head. The timid nymph was at length caught, though not until she had breathed her pursuers, and led them over many a quagmire, bog, and pool.

The halter being fairly noosed round her neck she was led in captivity to the house, where another, and by far the more difficult operation was to be gone through. This was getting her up stairs to the parson's room, and

contriving to attire her suitably to her condition as a bride. With much labor this was accomplished, however, and vestments of virgin white encircled her fair frame. Multiplied brayings, and various kickings, were the accompaniments of this ceremony; and while Lord E—— himself was assisting in confining her tail within the folds of the linen that was to represent a shift, the poor animal, either from fright or necessity, or the aperient quality of the cabbage-stalks she had supped upon, befouled his face in so ludicrous a manner, that those who were holding the hind legs, under which his lordship was officiating, suddenly let them fall from the effect of impetuous laughter, and left their noble host in a situation at which Heraclitus himself would have smiled through his tears. From the jeopardy of this living pillory he was, however, soon relieved, and in a short time afterwards every thing was ready.

Margery, meanwhile, faithful to her appointment, had taken possession of the divine's bed, waiting anxiously for his coming; but when she heard the uproar on the stairs, occasioned by getting her rival up, she very soon popped out of bed and popped under it, wondering what might be the cause of the alarm that disturbed her. In that situation, with no covering but her last garment, which, like her lover, was a *holy* one, I shall leave her, and return to the parson.

By this time, he was so thoroughly subdued by wine, that he was no longer able to conduct the glass to his mouth. His eyes were closed, his speech scarcely audible, and his loco-motive powers totally suspended. It was necessary, therefore, to have him undressed, and conveyed to his bed by those who were yet able to stand. All this was accordingly done, and the inebriated divine borne triumphantly to his room. The procession was led by the P—— himself, who, with a bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other, hallooed the jovial pack to their scent. The Marquis of H—— and Lord F—— held the shoulders of the parson, while Captain T—— and Col. M'M—— condescended to the more ignoble

burthen of supporting his feet. As they proceeded along, he frequently hiccuped the name of *Margery* and the *Allies*, and belched forth his wishes for a parting glass.

The donkey was now in bed, and after some resistance, natural to her interesting situation, she very quietly surrendered herself to her fate, and lay as still as might be wished. The parson, too, was lodged between the sheets; when, feeling the lace of a dimity petticoat that had been wrapped round her shoulders, his thoughts at once reverted to *Margery*, and insensible to the presence of those who surrounded him, he immediately cast his arms round his bed-fellow, and eagerly sought the rapture of a balmy kiss. The ass, at that moment, startled by his sudden onset, opened her capacious jaws, and sent forth a melodious bray, "both clear and strong:"—his whole face nearly sunk into the yawning abyss, while, with her feet, now disencumbered from their swathes, she so successfully encountered her lover, that he soon lay sprawling on his back in the middle of the floor. What *Margery*, who was under the bed, saw at that moment, I presume not to say; but she uttered, involuntarily, such a scream at what she beheld, that she at once betrayed herself. Half dead with fear, and blushing like the rose to be seen in such a denuded state, she was immediately liberated from her station by Lord E——, and concealing all she could from the eyes of prying curiosity, she sidled, waddled, and trotted till she got out of the room.

The object of the joke was now accomplished; fornication was prevented for that night; and the ass being restored to her meadow and cabbage-stalks, the divine was once more put into his bed, where, when he awoke in the morning the transaction of the preceding night dwelt upon his memory only like the faint traces of an obscure dream. And so ended the frolics of *Petworth*!

ON THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTERS OF STEALING.

Falstaff. Marry, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters; gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince Henry. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is by the moon. As, for proof now; a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; spent with crying—bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

SHAKESPEARE'S *HENRY IV.* PART I.

SIR,

IN this enlightened age, when discoveries are being daily made both in science and in morals, I own I am lost in wonder when I reflect that no attempt has been made either by Mr. Godwin or Bill Soames, to rescue the ancient and respectable calling of those who are vulgarly called *Thieves* from the false prejudices under which it labours. I despair of ever seeing another edition of the *Political Justice* called for, that noble exposition of our moral duties, and ingenious subversion of exploded doctrines of virtue, or else I should hope that the sagacious author might be prevailed upon to write an acute dissertation upon the political advantages of stealing, while *William Soames, Esq.* might enrich the text with valuable annotations developing the various manly qualities which that art brings into action, and detailing some of the most approved methods of exercising it. The probability, however, being that the world will be denied this valuable accession to existing systems of moral philosophy, I have ventured to volunteer my services in behalf of a calumniated race of individuals, whom the law most iniquitously oppresses, and whom society most unfeelingly rejects. Unfortunately

I am not of sufficient importance to indulge the hope that my voice will animate my countrymen, or that I shall be able to procure the repeal of all our criminal laws that affect the appropriation of other men's property to ourselves, or to cause the destruction of that odious tribunal called the Old Bailey ; but if I can succeed only so far as to mitigate the rigour of the former, and diminish the utility of the latter, I shall have accomplished a purpose which will reflect consolation upon the last days of my existence.

I shall first shew the antiquity and religious character of thieving; and, secondly, its moral qualities: both of which being proved, I doubt not, it will receive more respect from mankind than it has hitherto done.

Its quality, as derivable from our religion, is remarkably proved in this, that God himself not only commanded it in some cases, but in others singled out as especial objects of his favor those who had committed it. Jacob, when he came out of Mesopotamia, stole his uncle Laban's kids; and the same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing; and yet God said, "I have chosen Jacob, and refused Esau." Now if filching had been a crime in the eyes of the Deity, would he have bestowed such a signal mark of his approbation upon one who practised it? Again: the children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt, stole the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, in compliance with the express command of God. David, also, in the days of Abiathar the high priest, came into the temple, and stole the hallowed bread; and yet God said "David is a man after mine own heart." These facts, deduced from the most authentic record in our language, may be considered as incontrovertible, and being so, they prove all that I require. How absurd it is then in man, who professes to bottom all his schemes of legislation upon the *dicta* of the divine law as promulgated in the scriptures, to stigmatise with such infamy, and to punish with such severity, a practice which the Deity him-

self condescended not only to approve but to recommend.

Now, Sir, if we pass from this brief establishment of the antiquity and theological character of thieving, to the eminent moral qualities that belong to it, I apprehend we shall find still more substantial grounds for applause and admiration. I think, indeed, it will not be difficult to shew that almost all the nobler and sublimer virtues of our nature are concentrated, as a matter of necessity, in the bosom of a *thief*, to use that perverse and degrading epithet.

Fortitude, in its highest degree, is a virtue which gentlemen of this profession are perpetually called upon to display. And this fortitude is exhibited under circumstances which have commonly been considered as calling for the warmest admiration of the world. All those pains, penalties, degradations and hardships, which keep men of feebler minds and more dastardly dispositions in awe, have no terrors for the noble and generous daring of a thief. The glories of his vocation throw a lustre round his actions which hides the native deformity of these otherwise humiliating and appalling events. Whipping loses all its horror, when put in competition with an India handkerchief; ducking, or being pumped upon, becomes the ablation of grace, when endured for a venturesome though unsuccessful snatch at a gold seal; and death itself, that last and greatest stretch of human power, is transformed into a sacred martyrdom, when considered as the final act and consummation of a life devoted to the accomplishment of great and perilous enterprizes. These are not the minor virtues of a feeling character; they constitute the intensity of exalted passions which creates a hero. Indifference to human power is the first quality of independance; contempt of death is the noblest triumph of reason over the weakness of nature. The thief exhibits both these, and deserves, therefore, an epithet of honour rather than of infamy.

There is a philosophical character attached to stealing also, which should not pass unnoticed, as it is founded upon a recurrence to those *first principles*, which is a favorite criterion of utility and fitness in modern times. That original and natural equality which Rousseau so eloquently, though so unsuccessfully, endeavoured to commend, forms the intellectual basis of the practical operations of this ancient and honourable calling. As men are called into existence without any consent on their parts, they have an undoubted right to render that state of existence as beneficial and as happy to themselves as possible; and as all men, in the moment of creation, are *naturally equal*, it becomes entirely a matter of conventional policy with an individual, whether he chooses to respect that artificial gradation of rank which he finds established in society. To the original compact he was no party, and is therefore not bound by its obligations; and indeed it would be a very hard obligation upon any man that he should live in poverty and misery to accommodate the convenience of those who bask in the very sunshine of luxury and refinement.

"Every one for himself, and God for us all," is a maxim full of profound wisdom, deduced from the actual state of the world, and the moral government of Providence. And does not the thief proceed avowedly upon this maxim? Does he not provide for himself in this world, leaving the general issue in the hands of Providence? Besides, when he purloins from the wealthy, what a noble lesson of practical morality he inculcates! The happiness of all his creatures is the end and aim of the Creator in producing them; but he who amasses a disproportionate quantity of riches, violates this wise order of things, by concentrating, in his own person, those means of felicity which, if generally diffused, would render the whole community generally happy.

The rich man is a traitor to the natural prosperity of the human race: he is the worst of monopolizers and forestallers, for he makes an exclusive possession of

what should be universal. When, therefore, the thief despoils him of some of these ill-gotten stores, he only admonishes him of his impiety, and corrects his avarice and luxury. He assists in distributing those treasures which fructify when diffused, but remain unproductive, except to the selfish gratifications of the owner, when amassed and hoarded up. The thief, then, is a public benefactor, and a moral teacher: he is a public benefactor, in opening the sources of public happiness: and he is a moral teacher, in enforcing the practice of virtue by the punishment of vice. But he is a philosopher likewise; for being convinced that man is happy in proportion as he approaches a state of nature, he endeavours to hasten that approximation by breaking down the fantastical barriers of social life.

Perseverance and dexterity, though among the minor virtues, are yet very eminently displayed by this class of men. Let any person observe the assiduity with which a student, in one of the diving cellars of St. Giles's, tries his yet unpractised hand in twitching the handkerchief from the pocket of a coat hung round with bells. What a "tintinnabulary clatter" accompanies his first effort! But his ardor is unabated, and he labors in his mimic vocation till at last he can remove a snuff-box or a handkerchief without provoking one jingle. Arrived at this pitch of perfection, he sets up in business for himself, and commences his career in the great world. But even here, he must not relax from his wonted perseverance and ingenuity. He must not desist after one or two abortive snatches, or half a dozen ineffectual dives; the goal* is set before him, and he must continue the race: honors await success; infamy falls upon failure. The habits of assiduity, which are thus generated, are among the most valuable dispositions which in a commercial

* Pray do not mis-pronounce this word. It is as critical as Gibbon's caution about construing *pene* as a substantive.

country like this can be cultivated; to say nothing of the honest glow of exultation which fills the bosom of every man who is fortunate enough to accomplish any undertaking of doubtful and hazardous character.

I forbear to dwell upon the interesting phenomena, in a philosophical point of view, which present themselves to a sagacious observer, who contemplates the wonderful pliancy and sensibility which are communicated to the *pickers and stealers*, as Hamlet satirically calls his fingers, by their constant exercise in the delicate operations of stealing. All their ingenuity and wit are concentrated in their finger's ends; and Diderot, who elaborately discussed the perfection to which the sense of feeling is brought in blind persons, might have found more remarkable cases of equal perfection in those who use their fingers as other men use their eyes, to distinguish the external qualities of substances.

When I reflect upon the utility of these "minions of the moon," I am still more impressed with melancholy at their fate. Nothing can exceed the ingratitude with which they are treated; for the very men who are fed, supported, and even dignified for their sakes, are those who are most promptly instrumental in heaping misfortune and punishment upon them. Why are our police magistrates and their myrmidons paid and appointed? Chiefly to apprehend and punish this persecuted race of men! Did they not exist, Bow-street and the Russian coffee-house would lose all their terrors: and yet, like the hedge-sparrow, who hatches the cuckoo's egg only to its own destruction, so these hapless mortals produce and nourish the power that sometimes punishes, and sometimes annihilates them. The same may be said of our ermined judges, who fatten on their thousands merely for supplying New South Wales, and feeding the gallows with the bodies of the poor victims who thus innocently and unsuspectingly cherish the unnatural brood that turns round and consumes the parent. Let any one reflect but for a moment upon the numerous subordinate

agents who are clothed, supported, and employed by the instrumentality of those whom we, in defiance of the liberal spirit of modern philosophy, call *thieves*, and then ask himself whether they do not deserve better treatment from the commonweal, whose interests they promote in such a variety of ways? "Private vices are public benefits," was the wise doctrine of Mandeville, and which I have thus feebly attempted to illustrate.

I shall trouble your readers with only one remarkable analogy between thieves, and the holy founder of our religion. I hope I shall not be deemed irreverent in saying that our Saviour himself took what was not his own,* which *we* call stealing; and yet God declared, "This is my well-beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The thief who was crucified with him he consoled by assuring him that he should be with him in paradise that day: a recompence which can hardly be considered as bestowed upon iniquity. Like our Saviour too, thieves have rarely any dwelling-place upon earth, but wander about persecuted and despised; they go from town to town as he did; they are at last caught as he was; they descend into hell also, as Christ did: but there, alas! the simile ends; for he arose again, and ascended into heaven, which I dare predict they never will, without God's grace, to which I cordially recommend them and myself.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

JASPER COTGRAVE.

Condemned Cell, Newgate, Jan. 20, 1813.

* "And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples,

"Saying unto them, Go ye into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her, loose them, and bring them unto me.

"And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say the Lord hath need of them."—Matth. xxi. 1—5.

This doctrine may be thought very good, as emanating from our Saviour; but I doubt not, if any man were to get possession of a horse upon the same principle, "that he needed it," *Black Jack* would tell him a very different tale.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

I AM a buck of the first head, though as fortune is blind, and this is a wicked and envious world, my present situation in life is only that of an apprentice. I often kick up a dust in the two-shilling gallery, break half a dozen lamps, and knock down as many watchmen. I can bilk a bagnio, and leave my fair one in the lurch; make a figure on a Sunday at Bagnigge Wells, or White Conduit House, and am admitted by my fellow apprentices to be quite an accomplished fellow; and yet, Sir, would you believe it? I cannot persuade that creature, Betty Tomkins, to whom I have said all the tender things in the world, to listen to my passion: she laughs at my professions of love, and particular regard, and actually asked me a few days ago, after I had performed the part of *Romeo* in Wych-street, if I were not mad. What can be the reason, Sir, of this? It is quite incomprehensible. She is reckoned to be a sensible girl, and has, I can perceive, a great deal of judgment in every thing but her coldness to me. What provokes me most is, she seems to give the preference to a solemn quizzical looking fellow, in a methodist family, who has no qualification that I can discover, but singing of psalms, and a queer sheep-face looking phiz. I told her that women did not marry to learn to pray, and though I plainly told her that I did not wish her to go to church in the course of her life more than once, and was dressed in my new coat, (at least next to new, for it had not been worn above half a year by Colonel H——,) which was the very thing, she was simple enough last Sunday to give me the bag, to accompany her weazen-faced lover to the tabernacle.

Not indeed that I care much about it, Mr. SCOURGE; for do you know, that at the theatre in Wych-street, where I played *Romeo*, there are many pretty girls to be seen, both before and behind the scenes.

About two months since we had glorious fun with the girls! The boxes fell into the pit, and there was such tumbling and fumbling, and wriggling and struggling, and hugging, that my friend Tom Tenter and I were quite in our glory. Tom swore that he had never passed such an evening before; and then what a sight, and what laughing to see the girls! (some of them were rather hurt to be sure by having a leg broken or so,) all naked about their necks, and such glorious confusion. But there was no occasion for an accident to make us merry, for the house is pretty dark, and the scenes are so convenient; and it does'nt stand to reason, Sir, that a parcel of pretty girls, and dashing boys, should get together without having a little fun and titivation, or so. Why, it can't be!

I have one thing more to tell you before I come to the point, and that, Sir, is, I am a member of a society of choice spirits that meet every night at the Goose and Gridiron, to drink to my success to Betty Tomkins, and destruction to Bonaparty. My eye, Sir, how we do keep it up! Every one of us sings his song, and flashy ones they are. We have Captain Morris's best ballads, and all the other pieces sung at the Beef-steak club.

It is true, Sir, that with all our mirth and festivity, our meetings have not been without their disagreeables. But lord! what signifies thinking; we must all die some time, and the best of us is subject to accidents. Bill Freeman, one of our society, broke his leg, falling from the top of a wall, over which he was climbing to his sweetheart's garret; Ned Winter has never been able to speak distinctly since he placed himself in the ditch by Hackney church, and imitated eight cats courting in a gutter; poor Bill Wiggins, after drinking only five extra bowls of punch, was seized the next morning with a hiccup, and died before you could say Jack Robinson; and my dearest friend Frank Modish was sent beyond sea, for no other earthly reason than that he put the money received for

his master into his own pocket, through pure mistake, as I have heard him declare with tears in his eyes. But it's all one! we have got in their places as good a set of jolly fellows as ever grinned through a horse collar, or bilked a girl. There's Teddy Flash and Bob Minx, and a dozen of them, all staunch and true to drinking and wenching, and whatever else becomes jolly fellows.

But to come, Sir, to the long and short of this—do you know, Sir, that I ascribe the airs of Betty Tomkins to knowing nothing of what a clever fellow I am; what tricks I can play, what *rows* I can kick up, and what courage, and all that, I shew off when I am out of sight of the governor; why I thought that just drawing up a sort of account of the way in which I passed my Sunday would convince her that I was a jolly dog; and fit for any damsel in the parish. So, Sir, as she borrows your SCOURGE every month from the circulating library, you may, perhaps, lend one a lift by printing my journal, which I have sent for the purpose.

Yours, very obediently.

N. B. The spelling's all *write*, as I looked out every word in the dixonary.

THE LONDON APPRENTICE'S JOURNAL;

Or, How to pass a Sunday.

Eight o'clock, rose in bed; run a stitch through my new-laced shirt; read two chapters in F—— H——, and a funny song sung by our president at the *choice spirits*. Have got a devil of a head-ache. Nine o'clock—apply the Russian oil to make some whiskers grow; *mem.* the bottle cribbed from my mistress's dressing-room. If my whiskers don't grow soon, I'll buy a pair of false ones, for whiskers I must have, at whatever expence. Ten o'clock—kitchen to breakfast; play with Kitty; promise not to keep up later than three o'clock in the morning, for which I have a buss. Eleven o'clock—up stairs again; wash, and dress in my military *overalls*, boots, and brass spurs.

One o'clock, just finished dressing, go down and get dinner; Half-past two o'clock go to cut a swell in Hyde-park; meet with Harry, the linen-draper's shopman, he's a devil of a swell,

talked of the late affair of honour at Exeter-change; he also told me he had let in Green the tailor for a new suit of clothes, worth eight guineas; advised me to do the same, which advice I shall follow as soon as I get some whiskers—we must imitate fashionable men. Lounged in the park till half-past four o'clock; coming out was met by an old uncle, who asked me how long I had been a military man; that was only a quiz. I told him I was not a military man; bid him good day, walked on, and was glad to get rid of him so easy. Five o'clock, just got home, have tea; Tom calls at six o'clock, off we go to White-conduit house, arrive before seven o'clock; attack and carry two milliner girls, ask them to take tea, which offer they accept.

Eight o'clock, tea equipage moved, negus called for. Half past eight o'clock, Tom and me want to speak a word or two in private, till we get a short distance from the ladies, then we make a bolt, and leave them to pay the reckoning, that was to convince them what knowing dogs they had to deal with; next we go to Bagnigge Wells, take a turn or two in the gardens.

Nine o'clock, sport a bottle and a pipe. Half-past nine o'clock, pick up two girls; walk into the long room, ask the ladies what they prefer; call waiter in the fashionable manner, order a bowl of negus, and a basket of pastry; talk of the difference between antient and modern love, kiss the ladies.

Ten o'clock, call for another bowl, quiz the waiter's wig, make the ladies laugh, talk of suicide, and the cruelty of the ladies, who declare they would take compassion on any person, even the Amateur of Fashion, rather than he should commit so great a sin on their account. Half-past ten o'clock, another bowl called for; me, Tom, and the ladies are a little fresh, and begin to be witty, a very extraordinary thing for Tom to be.

Eleven o'clock, waiter called, what to pay?—Eighteen shillings, sir; Tom looks blue, I tips a flimsey: never mind the change, waiter; walk home with the ladies, who wish us a pleasant walk home; off we go at a great rate; play with the swell women by the way. Twelve o'clock, part with Tom, get home at a quarter past twelve, just in time to receive a devil of a rowing from the governor, who threatens to give up my indentures, and turn me adrift; if he does, I must go and live upon daddy. Half-past twelve, got to bed, and thought how I had been touched up at Bagnigge Wells.

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF THOMAS COOKE,
The Pentonville Miser.

The Horse and the Onions.—A favourite horse of Mr. C.'s had, at one time, a disease in the eyes, for which he wished to have a cure ; but he was too avaricious to go to a veterinary surgeon, as he mortally hated to pay for any medical advice either for man or beast ; instead therefore of applying for good advice, he listened to the quackery of some silly journeyman farrier, or more probably, some one who knowing his disposition, had a mind to banter him, who gave him the following, as a recipe for his horse's sore eyes. " You must take thirty onions ; drill a hole in each, run a string through all, and hang the onions, thus strung like a necklace, round the horse's neck ; and let him wear it continually. As the onions hang on, they will draw the humour out of the horse's eyes into themselves ; and by the time they are dried up and shrivelled, the eye will get well ; if not repeat the remedy : but mark this ; when the onions become withered, they will be so full of the acrimonious humour, drawn from the horse's eyes, that they will be fit for neither man nor beast ; therefore you must bury the onions where no hog can get at them." " Thirty onions, sir ! why they would cost a great deal of money ! pray, sir, would it not do just as well if I were to buy one very large onion, and cut it into thirty pieces, and string those thirty slices, and put them round the beast's neck ?" " Q no, sir, for they would wither in a day, and lose all efficacy : they must be *whole* onions." Cooke however could not find in his heart to part with so much money, as would purchase *thirty* onions ; half the number he supposed would do as well ; but although he was so foolishly credulous as to give ear to such silly nonsense, his avarice would not allow him to believe in the deleterious quality of the onions. Wisely presuming therefore, that nothing ought to be thrown away, he took the onions when they were quite shrivelled, and he supposed that they had done their duty as an amulet round his horse's neck, for a fortnight, and throwing away the string, he put them into a hand-basket, and brought them into the house as if just returned from market, desiring his maids to make a dish of onion-porridge of them for that day's dinner. The maids, however, knowing well from

whence they came, peremptorily refused to cook them; which refusal set the old gentleman to cursing and swearing, as usual, that he would not leave them a *farden* in his will;—a threat which did not much alarm them, as they pretty well knew that to disappoint expectants was his greatest delight.

The Livery-stable keeper. —Cooke bargained with the keeper of a livery-stable to let his horse have the run of a field, to graze in, at so much per day. When he wanted to ride, he always took a very accurate account of the number of hours he had him out, and of the time of his outgoing and returning.

When he wanted to take away the horse finally, he desired the man to bring in his bill. On perusing it, he flew into a great passion, asking the man did he mean to be a robber, to plunder him and cheat him of his gold, &c. The stable-keeper desired him to count the number of days from the time the horse was first taken in to graze, until the day he was to be taken away, and he would find the bill very correct. “Horse taken in! no, sir, it is *me* that you want to take in, and yourself that ought to be corrected, for wanting to cheat me of my gold! Had I not my horse out of your field eight hours on Thursday? Well, sir, and did I not ride him to Epsom next day, and had him out of your field eleven hours; that is nineteen hours; then, sir, five hours and a half on Saturday; there, sir, there is two days and half an hour, that you wanted to cheat me out of; in short, sir, here is an account of as many hours that my horse has been out of your field, as amounts to fifteen days!!! And have you the conscience, you cheating rogue, to expect me to pay for my horse’s eating your grass when he has been miles and miles away from it!!!” “Sir, I have not only the conscience to expect payment of my full bill, but shall make you pay a little more for calling me a cheat and a rogue.” Mr. Cooke, who was afraid of nothing so much as law, very prudently thought fit to make an apology, so he paid the stable-keeper the full amount of his bill, glad to be secured from incurring farther expence.

Mr. Cooke did not immediately, on quitting a life of active employment, retire to Pentonville; for it appears, that having lent a large sum of money, while he was in business, to an Irish nobleman, which he found he could not recover without going over to Ireland, he determined on taking the journey. While

he was preparing for it, a very unpleasant interruption took place. No man was more severe in his censures on those who gave way to illicit pleasures than Mr. Cooke, who always held himself forth as a miracle of chastity ; indeed, so great was his aversion to bastard children, and the parents of them, that in *one* of his former wills, he ordained, that “ before any of those distant relations to whom he had bequeathed legacies, should receive any benefit, they were to take an overseer and one of the churchwardens of the parish in which they resided, and, accompanied by them, go before a magistrate and make oath that they never had a bastard child laid to their charge ; and in his *LAST* will, he has provided that if either of his relations or residuary legatees should *marry*, or if any of them, male or female, should be guilty of incontinence, from which any illegitimate issue may arise, such party shall be wholly barred and excluded from any benefit under the will !

Mr. Cooke, however, gave proofs that he was not more exempt from the frailties of human nature, than other people ; for, to his indescribable dismay, he received a visit from the parish officers of St. James, Clerkenwell, for the maintenance of a female child, which one of their parishioners had sworn to him. This was about the year 1789. He at that time resided in Red-lion yard, behind St. Sepulchre's Church. Fortunately for himself, he being not then so well known in the parish of Clerkenwell as he was afterwards, the officers were strangers to his person, and to his means, otherwise they would not have let him off as cheaply as they did. He knew that his amours with the girl were too well known for him to attempt to deny the matter ; but he represented himself as a poor unfortunate man, that had neither friends, nor a farthing of money in England ; that he was preparing to go to Ireland, where he had a cabin and an acre or two of land, barely sufficient to keep life and soul together ; there it was his intention to reside, and by dint of hard labour and the sweat of his brow, eke out the remainder of his days ; that he had saved up by years of hard labour, twenty-five guineas, to carry him over, and that sum, *as he took God to witness !* was all he was worth in the world ; and, that if they took from him the whole of that sum, and did not leave him as much as would bear his expences in travelling on foot to Chester, and paying his passage, he had nothing to look for, but to beg his way

there as a common beggar, which he humbly hoped the gentlemen would have compassion on him and not force him to.

Having plenty of tears at command on all occasions he was not sparing of them, until at last the parish officers by dint of his protestations, intreaties, and agony of grief, were induced to lower the demands, and consent to take eighteen guineas from him ; which were paid into the hands of Mr. John Shallis of Vine-yard Gardens, Clerkenwell : having taken a receipt in full of all demands for that sum, the old man marched off, chuckling at the deceit he had practised on the officers. But this money did not exonerate the parish for the expence of maintaining the girl, at 3s. 6d. per week, until she was past the age of seven years. What became of her afterwards, might probably be yet learned by an examination of the parish books ; but it is not worth while.

Having accomplished this weighty business, much to his own satisfaction, but not so much to his mind, as if he could have left *the whole burthen* of maintaining the child to fall upon the mother, or any body else, no matter who, so as he might himself escape scot free, and without making any allowance at all, he set off for Ireland.

The business that brought him to that country, being the recovery of a large sum of money, which he had accommodated a nobleman with some years before, it may well be supposed such a man as Mr. Cooke would not relinquish his pursuit until his object was attained ; by perseverance and closely besieging morning, noon, and night, daily, the doors of this nobleman, he at last gained his point ; and having secured the bulk of the sum recovered, by remittances to his banker in London, he afforded himself as much loose cash as might be sufficient for pocket money in a trip to France, which he was prevailed on to take at the instance of some Irish gentlemen who were setting off, and who represented to him at how small an expence the trip might be undertaken, and how cheaply all the necessaries of life might be obtained in that kingdom.

Notwithstanding this man's inordinate greediness after money, he always had a hankering after public places of amusement, and the pleasures of travelling, when he could enjoy them at the expence of other people ; but it is not very clear, that the old gentleman would have suffered these representations of the cheapness of provisions, and of travelling in France, to have

any influence on his mind, were it not, that he had the offer of having his expences borne by one of the many whom he contrived to dupe, by those arts which he too successfully practised to gain the entire confidence of those, whom to suit his own purposes, he would feed with the strongest assurances of making them heirs to his immense property.

With one of these he embarked for France, and while his entertainer was contemplating the pleasures he was bestowing on his fellow traveller, and counting over in idea the thousands he calculated on receiving after the old man's death, Cooke enjoyed at free cost the pleasures of Paris; but none of these pleasures gave him half so much delight as the laugh he had at the folly of the credulous legacy-hunter, who set no bounds to his generosity in treating the ungrateful and insidious reptile who thus lived on him.

A distant relation of his, who lived in the country, was in the habit of sending him bacon, fowls, &c. This man once brought him an earthen pan of butter, telling him he came to dine with him. Cooke excused himself, saying there was nothing in the house but a cold blade-bone of mutton, not enough for himself and the two maids, and to turn the discourse, he asked how many pounds of butter the pan might hold. The man answered, ten or twelve pounds. Poh! said Cooke, what signifies sending me such dribblets; I will send you an empty firkin at once, and you can fill it for me. The poor man made answer, that it was more than he could afford at one time. "Why, what a mean-spirited dirty scoundrel you must be," said Cooke, "you that are to have so many thousands upon thousands at my decease, to grumble at sending me a firkin of butter! Well, sir, you will do as you please, and I will do as I please." The poor man was terrified by this implied threat; sent the firkin of butter and a fine turkey in a few days afterward; both which Cooke sold to a neighbouring cheesemonger,—but never remembered the donor in his will.

Sacrament Sunday—"What are you rummaging in that cupboard for, sir," said Mrs. Strudwick, one Sunday morning. "Why I am going to take the Sacrament to-day," said Cooke. "I'm sure you stand in need of it," said the house-keeper, "for your sins are many; it is a fine day, and I am glad you are going to church; but if you are, it is time you should think of

cleaning and dressing yourself. But what are you rummaging for?" "I want a bottle of wine that is in the cupboard." "Lord, sir, there is no bottle there, but one that must be nearly empty, as you have had it on tap this fortnight, surely you must have drank it all out by this time." "G-d d-n you, you b—h of hell, if it is drank out, it is you and the other wicked b—h in the kitchen, that must have drank it, not I."

Housekeeper. "Well, here it is; there is not above one glass in it."

Cooke. "Very well, that one glass will do for me; bring me a small bit of bread, and my large prayer-book, I am not going to church, I shall administer the sacrament to myself at home; I can do it just as well as any parson can do it for me, and you know, Bet, it saves my pocket; as I must put a shilling in the plate."

"Aye, you wicked old rogue," (said Bet) "it matters little whether you take it at home or at church; for all the sacraments in the world will never save your poor soul from going to the devil."

Mr. C. was in the habit, at one period, of frequenting Bagnigge Wells, and playing at skittles with several of his neighbours. On these occasions he made it a constant rule to leave off as soon as he had lost two rubbers, which, with a penny to the boy and to the waiter, would amount to sixpence. Shortly after he declined playing, he several times pretended indisposition, and claimed the indulgence of being allowed tea from the losings. This was always complied with, till one of the company observing what *sort* of tea he was drinking, communicated his suspicions to the rest, and they agreed to lie wait for him on the next visit, which they knew from his practice would not be long first. Accordingly, in a few evenings he made his appearance, and after losing his *four-pence*, had recourse to his old trick of *indisposition*. His solicitation for tea was readily granted, and a spy was placed on his conduct; which, not having the least suspicion of, he was discovered to take tea and sugar from the vessels in which they were brought, put into his waistcoat pocket, and immediately apply himself to his usual beverage of *milk and water*. Thus did this penurious wretch, possessed at the time of many useless thousands, absolutely commit a *theft* on

what the indulgence or humanity of his companions had granted him as a boon.—It is needless to add, that he was immediately charged with the crime, and, in consequence, turned out of the ground, amidst the united groans and hisses of all present.

Mr. C. had occasion, during the time he lived in Winchester-place, to have some repairs done to the roof of his house ; in these a journeyman bricklayer, and his labourer of the name of Thomas Allen, were employed. Knowing his parsimonious disposition they tried several schemes to get something from him to drink, but without effect. At length, pretending some extraordinary decay had taken place, they prevailed on him to visit the top of the building, in which he was assisted by the parties, the approach from the house being rather difficult. Tommy now thought he was sure of him, and took an early opportunity of commencing his attack by observing, " It is a dry job, and a warm day, master ; a drop of porter would do us good." " I am not your man, Tommy ;" replied Mr. C., " Tommy, I am not your man."—" But it will make us work with greater spirit, master, and we shall have done sooner."—" Drink *water*, Tommy ; drink *water*."—" Drink water, master !" said Tommy, " we can't work hard upon *water*."—" Then how does a horse work upon water, and get *fat* too ?" In short, all Tommy's oratory had no avail ; and he was obliged to assist him in his descent through to the house, without receiving any thing but thanks for his labour.

It was one time a practice with Mr. C. when at the Belvidere ground, to seat himself by the players, and order a glass of water, for which he usually gave the waiter a penny. When in this situation, he would watch the opportunity of the parties being engaged at their game, and quickly toss off a glass of their ale. A Mr. Quigley, who had formerly been his hairdresser, unsuspectingly noticed this four or five times one evening ; and approaching him with a full glass, observed, " Mr. C., why don't you do as we do ?"—" I am very poorly, Sir," replied C. ; " but since you are so pressing, I don't mind taking a *glass* with you." Mr. Q. held the glass towards him, and when Mr. C. went to take it, he drew it back, and drank its contents him-

self, sternly observing, "I meant, Sir, by *doing* as we do, to *pay* for what you *drink*." This was a detection among neighbours that all his pitiful arts could not get the better of, and for which they were determined he should immediately compensate. It was therefore proposed by a respectable gentleman of the name of G—ff—d, that he should toss with him and another for half a crown's worth of punch, and the odd man to lose. The proposal was like a dagger to his heart ; but he had sufficient cunning to weigh the consequences of a refusal. He at length consented : and by the usual contrivance of this mode of tossing, Mr. C. being *horsed* into three half crowns-worth of liquor, he paid the money, and took his leave of both the company and place, not being seen there, even for a glass of water, for several months afterwards.

Mr. C., during the time he frequented Bagnigge Wells skittle-ground, often played a trick, by which he saved his money. When the reckoning was called for he pretended that he had not any change, and would seem anxiously to feel in his pockets, but could not produce his usual losings of four-pence. A Mr. Manthorpe, one of his companions, had frequently on these occasions discharged it for him, when he always very gratefully thanked him, and promised to repay Mr. M. on their next meeting. This, however, was never recollected ; but at length being touched with that feeling, which on almost every other occasion he was a stranger to, he once observed, "Mr. M., you have very kindly paid several times for me ; I know not the amount, nor do I suppose you can tell me : I believe the best way will be for you to take a dinner with me, and we will cry quits." This extraordinary instance of liberality was accepted, and a day being appointed, Mr. M. attended. When dinner was served up, it consisted of *three bones of a neck of mutton, and three potatoes*, which Mr. C. portioned out to *his* guest, himself, and his housekeeper. During the short process of polishing his bone, observing Mr. M. look round, and suspecting what was wanted, he said, "Mr. M. I suppose you are accustomed to drink *porter* with your dinner ; if you *wish* for any now, my housekeeper shall fetch some for you ; but for ourselves we always drink *water*." This offer was of course declined ; and having swallowed his ounce of mutton, and eaten his potatoe, he

hastily retired to an adjoining house to complete his dinner, where he published the very *liberal* return he had received for the numerous four-pences he had paid for Cooke.

ANECDOTES OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

COUNT CAGLIOSTRO was born without fortune, of a noble family, with turbulent passions. He resolved to try if fortune, who favoured so many foolish persons, would disdain him. He began by conferring upon himself a title, and sought in the places devoted to Venus a woman suited to his projects. Unheard-of miseries, rather than licentiousness, had conducted into the asylum of distress a Genoese marchioness—a slender form, a roguish eye, a swelling bosom, a light step, a pure breath; such were her physical properties. Nor were they exceeded by her moral qualities—licentious in discourse, profound in her speculations, a calculator on the first indications of stupidity, incapable of the least sentiment; in short, a proper object to seduce, deceive, to speak of virtue, practice vice, and impose on the multitude.

This couple, so well matched, did not conceive it their duty to endanger themselves by an immediate journey to Paris. "We are not yet sufficiently prepared for that," observed the marchioness. "It is there that the first pigeons on earth are to be found—the court, the city, the church, the law, and the department of finance, present us with subjects ripe for dissection." The Count directed his attention to Russia. Money was wanting, and the marchioness was commissioned to provide it. There was then at Rome a multitude of English; the Countess fled to that city in order to cajole them. In a single month she realized five thousand guineas. And although the Roman nights' entertainments were extremely dear, as she found it

necessary to pay for every article treble its actual value, she saved, after all other expences, as much as sufficed to purchase diamonds of paste, and all the appendages of quackery.

The Count's next journey was into Holstein, in order that he might profess to the Count de St. Germain the anxiety of himself and his wife to become his slaves, his apostles, and his martyrs, and to acquire one of the four thousand seven hundred secrets that repose in his breast. The Count de St. Germain was a man of much intelligence, gifted with the most seductive eloquence, a proficient in chemistry, and so well versed in ancient history, that he could recount its most important events with the minuteness and the vivacity of current conversation. While at Chambery, he offered his chemical services to the Marquis de Bellegarde, and in searching for the philosopher's stone, the crucible yielded a matter which had the colour and the weight, but not the ductility of gold. These operations were performed on a spot, at which the Count was a father three times in the space of seven months. At length his stock of plate was exhausted; he had borrowed on all sides; they advised him to depart, and he returned to Paris to practice similar follies in that metropolis. Strange that a man of sense should be the victim of so fatal an infatuation!

The Count and Countess Cagliostro appeared at St. Petersburg in the capacity of physicians. They displayed in their practice the utmost disinterestedness with regard to pecuniary recompence, and the stratagem succeeded. The Countess, who was in her twentieth year, spoke without affectation of her eldest son, who had been long a captain in the Dutch service. A phenomenon so extraordinary attracted the conversation to her age, and it was discovered that a woman whose breath, bosom, and teeth indicated the freshness of youth, had already approached her grand climacteric. The ladies, as anxious to diminish their number of years, as the marchioness to

advance in age, came to consult in secret the possessor of the *fountain of youth*. He distributed his waters, and filled his purse. The women, indeed, were not restored to their former youth; but their lovers tell them that it is so, and Cagliostro is a god.

A Russian prince is sensible to the charms of the Countess, and loads her with presents. One day she received an order to present herself before the empress. The Countess replied to her questions with an address that deceived the sovereign. The order to quit Russia was accompanied by a present of 20,000 roubles. Previous to his departure, Cagliostro had been promised 5,000 louis, on condition of his curing a favorite infant. He demanded eight days for the performance of the cure. On the second day the malady increased; he requested them to commit the child to his private superintendence. On the fifth day, he announced a change for the better; on the eighth, he informed them of the cure; and at the end of three weeks he returned the infant to its expecting mother. It was whispered, however, through the town, and there are rumors of a child having been purchased. Cagliostro confesses that the infant has been changed, that the true one is dead, and that he thought it his duty to spare the anguish of a mother for a certain time. Justice demands what is become of the corpse. Cagliostro confesses that he has burnt it *essayer palangenesie*. They ask him for the five thousand louis; they are disappointed. After leaving Russia the Count visited Warsaw. The laughers were not on his side. He established himself in a modest manner at Strasburg; but he changed his mode of proceeding, and drew on his side the priests and the poor. In vain the newspapers denounced him to the few partizans of reason. One of the first men of the city threatened to repeat the public rumours. Madame Cagliostro found means to dissuade him from his purpose, and at the same moment sacrificed and saved her husband.

Paris was the theatre on which Cagliostro came, at length, to shine. He announced himself as the reviver of the Egyptian free-masonry, and undertook to restore to the brothers the mysteries of Isis and Anubis. The seven hundred lodges opened in this capital are in a moment in the air. No one is ignorant that there is a free-masonry of women, a literary free-masonry, a reformed free-masonry, and a free-masonry of children. This institution, consecrated so long to union and charity, has been converted into an academy, a lyceum, a club, an assembly-room, and the scene of luxurious suppers.

Struck with this abuse, Cagliostro brought along with him the constitution of Egyptian free-masonry that Cambyzes took from the temple of Apis, when he caused that capricious deity to be scourged.

The beauty of Madame Cagliostro excited as much sensation as Egyptian free-masonry. Among a crowd of adorers, she distinguished the Chevalier d'Oisemont. She formed an acquaintance with Madame de la Motte Valois, who said to her, "You have a very assiduous admirer. He is a young man; do not shew this attachment in company. Whoever aims at celebrity should lead the titled caterpillars of the day. If, as I suppose, marriage would be unpleasant, take a man of rank. I can give you a prince, fine, though a little the worse for wear; rich, but avaricious; full of intelligence; insolent, but amiable; discreet, rather sentimental, but prone to dispute."—Madame Cagliostro immediately objected, that her husband had the secret of being in many places at the same time, and to render himself invisible.

While Mons. Cagliostro caused the dead to sup with the living, his spouse, worthy of him, prepared another farce. The women, curious to excess, were overpowered with affliction by their exclusion from these mysteries, and importuned Madame Cagliostro to initiate them. She replied with much coolness to the Duchess of T——, commissioned to make the first overtures, that as soon as

they should have found thirty-six adepts, she would commence her course of magic. The same day the list was filled. The preliminary conditions were, 1. That each initiated person should furnish one hundred louis; 2. That during nine days they should abstain from all commerce with man; 3. That they should swear to submit to all that was ordained them. The 17th of August was the eventful day; they assembled at twelve o'clock. In entering each female was obliged to take off her tippet, her tucker, her stays, and her false bosom, and to dress herself in a white *levite*, with a coloured sash; six of these sashes were blue, six black, six chocolate, six violet, six rose colour, six mixture. They were made to enter at length an illuminated temple, furnished with thirty-six sofas, covered with black satin. Madame Cagliostro, habited in white, was on a kind of throne, supported by two lofty figures, attired in such a manner that it was impossible to distinguish their sex, or whether they were men or ghosts. The light which illuminated the saloon vanished insensibly, and when the surrounding objects could scarcely be distinguished, the high priestess commanded them to shew the left leg, as far as the beginning of the thigh. After this exercise she ordered them to elevate the right arm and support it on the adjacent column. Two women, each holding a sword in her hand, then enter, and having received from Madame Cagliostro silken strings, they connect the thirty-six ladies by the knees and arms.

The high priestess then explained to the initiated "that the state in which they found themselves was the symbol of that to which women are subjected in society, and the dependence in which men endeavour to retain them. Leave us to illuminate the chaos of their laws: let us assume the office of governing opinion, purifying the manners, cultivating the intellect, cherishing refinement and diminishing the number of unfortunates. These cares transcend those of pronouncing, or ridiculous quarrels."

They unloose the strings and announce the experiments. The candidates were divided into six groups, and each colour was inclosed in one of six apartments which corresponded with the temple. It is declared that those who yield shall not be readmitted; men arrive immediately in these apartments, and employ all the means of seduction. Neither reason, nor satire, nor tears, nor prayers, nor threats, nor promises, availed any thing, so much do curiosity and the secret hope of ruling, influence the female mind. All enter into the temple, as the high priestess had ordained. After a quarter of an hour of silence a species of dome opens itself, and upon a large ball of gold, descends a man, naked as Adam, holding in his hand a serpent, and bearing upon his head a brilliant flame. "He whom you are about to hear," said the priestess, "is the renowned, the immortal, the divine Cagliostro, descended from the line of Abraham without being conceived, the depository of all that was, is, and shall be known in the earth. "Daughters of the earth," cried she, "despoil yourselves of these profane vestments; and if you would hear the voice of Truth, show yourselves as (*naked as*) she." In an instant all was as naked as the hand.

To abjure a deceitful sex was the counsel that the pretended genius of Truth bestowed upon his pupils; but he concluded his extravagant discourse, by exclaiming, the kiss of *friendship* announces that which passes in your hearts. And the high priestess herself assured them that it was but the kiss of friendship.

Such mysteries were well calculated to give notoriety to M. and Madame Cagliostro. He seized the moment of enthusiasm to lay the first stone of the Egyptian freemasonry. He announced to the luminaries of the *Great Orient* that they ought not to labour but under a triple arch; that a mason can have neither more nor less than three adepts; that he ought to be pure as the rays of the sun, and even reputed by calumny to have neither wives, mis-

tresses, nor casual enjoyment; to possess an income in landed property of fifty-three millions of livres, and above all that species of knowledge which is found so rarely among men of fortune.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XXVII.

(*Carmen Triumphale*, by Robert Southey.)

AT the commencement of his poetical career, Mr. Southey was one of the most enthusiastic advocates for reform; a zealot in the cause of universal freedom; the determined enemy to princes and "courts tyrannic;" and a proud supporter of the dignity and independence of the poetical office. His early productions breathe the most pure and manly sentiments of liberty, intermixed occasionally with the disgusting affectation of the school of Wordsworth, on the distresses of the lower, and the vices of the higher circles of society; and in the lines on a portrait by himself, he characterizes the friends who had predestined him to tread the primrose path of preferment as ill-judging ones. Within the last few years his tone and sentiments have undergone an extraordinary revolution. He is now the champion of social order, the eulogist of kings, the servant of the Prince Regent, a decided opponent of the most popular advocates of independence, and the eulogist of war! He ridicules the mistakes and inconsistencies of the *Edinburgh Review*, while he has himself been an example of the most enthusiastic ardor in a cause which he now acknowledges to be bad. On both sides of the question he has displayed more valor than discretion, more energy than talent. He is himself ashamed of his contributions to the *Anthology*; and the production before us presents unequivocal evidence that talent does not always correspond with enthusiasm, and

that it is possible to be at the same time vehement and dull, elated and feeble, agitated yet monotonous.

The poets of former times regarded the task of composition as worthy of all the labour that necessary attention to the shortness of life could permit them to bestow; and the ancient critics abound with admonitions to scrupulous revisal and long and rigorous correction. Horace advises the youthful poet to retain his manuscript nine years in his hands; and Cicero reiterates his opinion of the advantages of assiduous and persevering study in the pursuits of poetry and eloquence. The works of Milton were the result of many years meditation; the writings of Pope were revised and polished by repeated alterations and the most fastidious correction; and even Dryden was only careless and irregular from the pressure of necessity. But the present age is distinguished by a race of poets, who, stimulated by futile vanity, or excited by mercenary considerations, despise the labour of careful composition or revision, and make their annual visit to the London market, in all the pomp and importance of costly quartos. They despise the plodding and laborious excellence of our literary ancestors, and confident in their own command of language, in the brilliance of their subject, or the indulgence of their readers, pour forth the unpremeditated language of their minds in all the extravagance of unchastened fancy and uncorrected sentiment. Such writers may occasionally elicit a beautiful image, or a delightful couplet; but the intermediate passages are replete with meanness, tumor, and absurdity. The sustained and lofty flight of the Mæonian eagle would be degraded by comparison with the feeble flutterings of modern emulation; but their incapacity arises from their neglect of salutary discipline, rather than from decided inferiority of mental character.

How much the poets of modern times are reduced below their natural level by impatience of labour, and by the sacrifice of every unfading and legitimate excellence to general effect, may be estimated by the contemplation of Pope's

mode of composition and revisal. It will be found that his first sketches, though they could be read with pleasure, were destitute of a thousand graces of expression and felicities of thought that were interspersed and combined in the finished copy. The same scrupulosity in Scott or Southey, would spare the reader the endless mortification that now accompanies him through pages of doggrel, childishness, and insipidity: their faults would be of rare occurrence, and their beauties be extended, heightened and ennobled. The energy that demands immediate utterance, does not always consult the best possible mode of expressing; nor is a hasty scribe the most likely to excel in the graces of minute description, in selection of imagery, and the *curiosa felicitas*, the *polished felicity* of diction. Yet without these qualifications, after the first expression of surprise and admiration have passed away, what hope is there that the works of our modern poets will descend to posterity in any other form than as an auxiliary volume to the *Elegant Extracts*? With matchless energy and the most exquisite powers of satire, the hasty compositions of Churchill are daily sinking into neglect, while the writings of Pope, delighting at every fresh perusal by the discovery of some new beauty, and the contemplation of exquisite art, charm our attention after their fable and sentiments are no longer new, and gratify the more, the more they are examined.

If any proof were wanting that Mr. Southey mistakes rapidity for elegance, and regards deliberation or correction as unworthy of a man of genius, the poem before us would at once elucidate his opinion and his practice. Incorrect beyond example, abounding with common-place imagery and hackneyed diction; high sounding without magnificence, and quaint without originality; the merest duncie that ever wore the laurel that now encircles the brow of Mr. Southey, would have derived no honor from his claims to its composition.

Did the excellence of Mr. Southey's stanza atone for

its singularity, we might forgive the ambition that deviates from the standard models of poetical excellence, and congratulate the author on the successful execution of a dangerous enterprize. But who can read without a smile the eighth line of the second stanza, "single and undismayed;" or contemplate without disgust the continued repetition of the exclamation "O!" and the prominence of the common-place sentiment, expressed with little felicity of numbers, or of diction, "Glory to God! Deliverance to mankind!" We should not have vehemently objected, however, to the employment of a novel stanza, had its construction been uniform; but the author of *Carmen Triumphale* indulges in all his former caprices, and concatenates his verse, and arranges the sequence of his lines with unaccountable irregularity. The third stanza consists of eleven lines, and the eighth of sixteen. Amidst the variety of metre, the irregularity of stanzas, and the repetition of the same rhymes, symmetry, beauty, and propriety, are lost: and the chastened eloquence, the refined regular construction of our legitimate poets, and all the graces that genius has in other ages combined with the most exalted sentiments, and the most brilliant imagery, are substituted by pomp of epithet, and frequency of exclamation; by the affectation of unwonted energy; by the perpetual obtrusion of unmeaning and ostentatious vehemence; and by the monotony of a style successfully conceived, but involving in its fluency little that the memory retains, by which the judgment is satisfied, or the fancy enraptured.

Nothing can be easier than to embody in decent verse the substance of popular declamation; on the tyranny of Bonaparte, the magnanimity of England, the prowess of Spain, and the military excellence of Lord Wellington. But the real poet would do justice to these topics by novelty of illustration and splendor of embellishment. He would present an animated and consistent picture of the succession of events, and have varied the progress of his

narrative by delineations of individual character. All this Walter Scott has accomplished, notwithstanding innumerable examples of negligence in his *Vision of Don Roderick*; and certainly the powers of that gentleman are not more happily adapted to lofty, vigorous, and animated verse than those of Mr. Southey.

As specimens of the best parts of this singular production, as well as of the multiplied deformities by which it is debased, the subjoined extracts are decisive.

II.

Wake, lute and harp! My soul take up the strain!

Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

Joy—for all nations, joy! but most for thee

Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part assign'd,

O England! O my glorious native land!

For thou in evil days didst stand

Against leagued Europe all in arms array'd,

Single and undismay'd,

Thy hope in Heaven and in thine own right hand.

Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid,

Thy generous counsels now their guerdon find,

Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

IV.

O virtue, which above all former fame,

Exalts her venerable name!

O joy of joys for every British breast!

That with that mighty peril full in view,

The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!

That no weak heart, no abject mind possess'd

Her counsels, to abase her lofty crest,—

Then had she sunk in everlasting shame,—

But ready still to succour the oppress'd,

Her Red Cross floated on the waves unfurl'd,

Offering redemption to the groaning world.

XII.

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,

From rescued Portugal he came.

Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose;

In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz;

And Salamanca's heights proclaim
The conqueror's praise, the Wellesley's name.

Oh, had the sun stood still that hour,
When Marmont and his broken power
Fled from their field of shame!
Spain felt thro' all her realms the electric blow;
Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Betis, who to bondage long resign'd,
Flow'd mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyful bosom unconfin'd,
Receives once more the treasures of the main.

XIV.

What now shall check the Wellesley, when at length
Onward he goes rejoicing in his strength?
From Douro, from Castille's extended plain,
The foe a numerous band,
Retire; amid the heights which overhang
Dark Ebro's bed they think to make their stand.
He reads their purpose, and prevents their speed;
And still as they recede,
Impetuously he presses on their way;
Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at bay,
And drew their battle up in fair array.

XIX.

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh when
Shall peace return among the Sons of Men?
Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed day!
Justice must go before,
And retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crushed by Force,
The power of Evil by the power of Good,
Ere Order bless the suffering world once more,
Or peace return again.
Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done:
Pursue the blow—ye know your foe,—
Compleat the happy work so well begun!
Hold on, and be your aim with all your strength
Loudly proclaim'd and steadily pursued!
So shall this fatal Tyranny at length

Before the arms of Freedom fall subdued.
 Then when the waters of the flood abate,
 The Dove her resting-place secure may find :
 And France restored and shaking off her chain,
 Shall join the Avengers in the joyful strain
 Glory to God ! Deliverance for Mankind !

It presents a curious proof of the haste and incoherence with which the *Carmen Triumphale* has been written, that the rhyme of *heaven* to *given*, intolerable to any poetical ear, is repeated three times within the compass of eight stanzas.

“ One impulse to all hearts at once was given,
 And born abroad by all the winds of heaven.”

Stanza 10.

“ And well in sight of earth and heaven,
 Redeem'd the pledge which there was given.”

Stanza 11.

“ Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy cry,
 Martyrs of freedom, from your seats in Heaven ?
 And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
 Regard from yon empyreal realm the land
 For which thy blood was given ?”

Stanza 18.

The subjoined example of negligence is, in so short a poem, disgraceful to Mr. Southey, and insulting to that public, from whose purse he receives his annual stipend.

“ Age after age from sire to son,
 The hallowed sword was handed down ;
 Nor did they from that warfare cease,
 And sheathe that hallowed sword in peace,
 Until the work was done.”

In the second and fourth stanza he displays his utter disregard of all the laws of poetical composition, and his destitution of good taste, by the employment in each of the same figure, with scarcely any variation of thought or expression.

“ Glory to God ! Deliverance for mankind !
Joy,—for all nations, joy ! but most for thee
Who hast so nobly fill’d thy part assign’d,
O England ! O my glorious native land !

Stanza 2.

The language, as well as the principles of Mr. Southey have undergone transformation, since his vicinity to the court; and he has introduced into this serious and triumphal poem the operative affectation of prefixing *the* to the names of celebrated persons. We are told that “ fair promise there *the* Wellesley gave ;” and of “ the conqueror’s praise—*the* Wellesley’s name.” Mr. Southey himself will confess the shock that this peculiarity must give to a reader of taste, if he only supposes the effect that would be produced on his own mind were he to read in Addison’s Campaign of “ the Marlborough.”

The notes are intended to expose the futility of certain predictions respecting the issue of the war, advanced by the Edinburgh reviewer; but we are at a loss to discover the foundation of his triumph. If the reviewers have sometimes prophesied fallaciously, the disciples of Mr. Southey’s school have been for a long series of years the dupes of sanguine expectation. When Suwarrow reconquered Italy, the friends of Mr. Pitt, and the whole tribe of placemen and courtiers, were certain that peace would be dictated beneath the walls of Paris, or that the Parisians would rise upon their governors, and restore the Bourbons. If their later prophecies have been fulfilled, it is owing to other causes than their political sagacity. At various periods of the war in Spain, the contest was at least so doubtful as to justify anxiety, and provoke speculation. Previous to the invasion of Russia there could be no solid foundation for anticipating the early deliverance of the Peninsula; and if the follies of Napoleon, who, with common prudence, might have retained till his death the power he had won, have dissipated many of our dangers and alarms, and opened a

prospect of continental independence and tranquillity, the prophets of the court have no right to felicitate themselves on their prediction of results, which have defied the plainest principles of rational calculation.

It is to the precedent, however, that has been established by the publication of these notes that we chiefly and decidedly object. Here is an individual receiving indirectly from the public, and directly from the privy purse, a salary which he at least regards as worthy of his acceptance; and the office is granted him on condition that he acts professionally as the national poet, and celebrates in an annual poem the glories of his country. So far the question of propriety, or impropriety, becomes doubtful; but the question is easily resolved when this servant of his prince, and indirectly of his country, comes forward as a controversial writer, and enters the list with the writers who oppose the opinions of the court. By such a procedure the laureat drags his prince into a virtual contest with his subjects, suggests the degrading idea of a volume abounding in witticisms on a review, being written beneath the express patronage, as well as submitted to the private inspection of the Regent; and presents the author in the degraded character of a political hireling, who drudges for one hundred and six pounds a year. If the practice of Mr. Southey be continued, we shall be condemned at some future time to hear the law of libel eulogized in an annual pamphlet, published under the sanction of the monarch, and the war-whoop of persecution against the Catholics, awakened by the halloo of some less discreet, but not less enthusiastic successor. We think, upon the whole, that the former mode of fulfilling the place of laureat was at least as respectable as the present; but that having undertaken the office, Mr. Southey has performed its duties in a manner at once careless, unbecoming, and injudicious.

II.

PARSONS, AUTHORS, CUCKOLDS, &c.

SIR,

Your insertion of the few light sketches I transmitted you last month, notwithstanding their numerous imperfections, has induced me to continue my observations on the manners and intrigues of the metropolis on a more extensive scale, but in miscellaneous order. The follies, vices, and singularities of town, are too numerous and complicated to admit of general classification; and I would rather incur the censure of your readers by the rapidity of my sketches than fatigue them by monotony.

There are three prominent classes of human beings, however, who form so large a portion of the metropolitan community, and are so easily recognized by their peculiar habits, as to deserve the honor of a general exemption from the penalties of satire, and demand a just acknowledgment of their claims on our veneration and forbearance. The individuals to whom I allude, are the Parson, the Author, and the Cuckold.

Though it cannot be denied that the profession of a parson derived its origin from a religion which in one of your preceding numbers I have endeavoured to explode, as equally obnoxious to the prince, the courtier, the lawyer, and the beggar, yet, when we consider the humility, the sobriety, and the temperance of that great body, we may surely forgive the errors of their belief, for praiseworthy excellence of their practice. Their humility is testified by the use of printed sermons, and a noble reluctance to insult their congregations with the effusions of their own humble talent, when so many excellent discourses are to be found in the writings of Tillotson, Clarke, and Blair; their sobriety, and temperance by the formation of Bible societies, at which it is well known that there is neither drinking nor guzzling. Whatever faults on the side of austerity and abstinence may be laid to their charge, must be ascribed to the errors of

education. While the sons of noble families are indulged by their nurses and their mothers' maids at home, the intended parson is confined closely at school, from whence he has the misfortune to be sent to college, when he continues half a score years preparing for an M. A.; and where if he wants money, he may exclaim with Milton that

“ ———— Ever during dark
Surrounds him ; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off ! and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal *blank*.

In other words, he is totally ignorant of every passing scene of debauchery and intrigue ; and while other men are going on in the cheerful ways of wenching, drinking and gaming, and improving their minds by the study of Hoyle and Payne, the world is a blank to the poor parson, who probably grows old in a country cure, and is indebted to the squire for all his knowledge of mankind. You well know, Sir, that a university education is the certain basis of piety, chastity and temperance.

The author comes next to be considered : and here it imports me to be extremely cautious, lest, being myself an author, I betray my partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind in general may think of an author, he is an object not of satire, but of compassion. It may generally be proved that at the time of his commencing author, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to business, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure a stool, brushes and black ball. It may be asked, indeed, why if he has ever been so fortunate as to save three shillings, he has not purchased these implements of trade ? But supposing him to have acquired so much wealth, the proverb of “ once a ——— always a ———,” is less significant than “ once an author, always an author :” a man once convicted of being a wit, not that wits and authors are always synonymous, is disqualified for business during life : no city apprentice will

trust him with his shoes; nor will the city buck set a foot upon his stool, from a persuasion that the blacking must be bad, or, for want of attention, will be applied to the stocking instead of the shoe. That almost every author would choose to set up in this business is obvious from their natural propensity to blackening.

I proceed, lastly, to the cuckold, and trust that he will appear as undeserving of satire as the parson or the author. In former times, indeed, when a lady happened to prefer a particular friend to her husband, it was usual to hold the latter in some slight degree of disrespect; for as women were allowed to be the best judges of men, and the wife only preferred one man to another, the world was inclined to suppose that she had some private reason for her election. But in these days of freedom, when a lady instead of one friend is civil to one and twenty, I am humbly of opinion that the cuckold is no more the object of ridicule for such a preference than if she had been robbed by so many highwaymen on Hounslow Heath. A cuckold is frequently the proper object of envy rather than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to his wife; and how apt are the caresses of a score or two of lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband? A lady proud of her chastity is apt to overlook the duties of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you restore her to all the rest, as well as her husband to his quiet.

The veneration which is due to greatness should teach us to hold cuckolds in esteem. If our betters are not ashamed of being cuckolds, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with irreverence.

In short, while we are obliged to the parson for a *but*, to the author for abuse, and to the cuckold for his wife, it is the highest degree of ingratitude to hold them up to contempt and ridicule.

Having thus dismissed numerous bodies, as above the collegiate infliction of periodical satire, I shall proceed

to give you a cursory sketch of what I have seen and heard since my last communication.

You may have observed in the *Morning Herald* several allusions to a supposititious child, who is supposed to be excluded by the circumstances of her birth from the inheritance of the B— estate. The real circumstances of the story thus alluded to are as follows: Miss C. and Mr. B. met by chance at the Argyle Rooms. Miss C. a modest and attractive girl, looked at young B. with so much pleasure the first time she saw him that she was afraid to look at him twice; but Mr. B., less fearful, gazed upon her charms till he became enamoured.

Mr. B. discovered an opportunity at a future meeting of speaking to Miss C. in private. He made a declaration of his passion, and obtained a confession of her attachment; but the consent of their parents was wanting to complete their union, and struggling between passion and virtue, Miss C. resigned to her lover the illegitimate possession of those charms which under happier auspices might have been sacrificed at the shrine of Hymen. The father of B. was expected in town; but their impatience could not brook even the lapse of a few weeks. After a month of enjoyment, Mr. B. determined to set out to his father's country house, to implore his consent, and parted from Miss C. with an assurance of returning with his paternal sanction.

For a few weeks Miss C. remained in a delirium of hope and pleasure, but at length she awakened to reflection: she heard nothing of her lover; she believed herself to be betrayed and abandoned; she was pregnant, and to whom could she confide her sorrows? Her days are past in gloomy anticipation, and at night she moistens her pillow with her tears.

Mrs. L. the next door neighbour of Mr. C. had long been married to a broker, under circumstances that contributed but little to conjugal felicity. Her father had left personal property the amount of 25,000*l.* on condition

that if she died childless it should revert to distant relatives. Unfortunately Mrs. L. was as barren, as her husband was anxious that she should be prolific; and the result of her deficiency were continual bickerings, habits of the most distant ceremony and mutual distrust.

Mr. L. was about to set out on a voyage to Riga, and was in despair at reflecting that from his absence his chance of being blest with an heir was more distant than ever. One evening, when he returned to his home, gloomy and fretful as usual, his spouse, who had been meditating all day in what manner she should receive him, awaited the moment of his entering his bed-chamber, affected the transports of excessive joy, and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming in a broken and interrupted voice, Good news! my dear husband, good news. I am so overjoyed that I can scarcely speak. Why are you so joyful; replied the husband, what's the matter? Scarcely had the question been proposed before his beloved wife was overpowered by her sensibility, and fell into a swoon. The tender and afflicted husband uses all his efforts to recal her. His endeavours are successful, and she gradually recovers, casts upon him a look of tenderness, and exclaims in a tone of weakness and sensibility, "My dearest of husbands, this is the third time that I have fainted away this morning: too happy, far, to be thus afflicted." She then approached him with all the ardor of conjugal dalliance. "Are you mad?" exclaims the husband in astonishment. "I repeat to you," replies the wife; "these faintings have more delighted me than the most exquisite of those enjoyments that are usually the portion of an affectionate helpmate. They confirm the doubts I have long had; and I believe, my dear husband, that the time is approaching when it will be in my power to present you with a pledge of conjugal love." "Good heavens," exclaimed Mr. L. "are you pregnant? Is it possible?" She protests that she believes so: he overpowers her with kisses; and bids her adieu, in the fond anticipation of finding on his return the first of a numerous and wealthy progeny.

The next business of Mrs. L. was to discover some woman or girl, who was as much ashamed to own a child, as she was desirous of having one; and she therefore dispatched a confidential female, who had lived many years in her father's family, in search of the requisite intelligence. Mrs. L. was employed, in the mean time, in affecting the graces and the indisposition of a pregnant matron: if a walk is proposed, she was afraid of the carriage; a coach might jolt her into a situation of danger; a *donkey* makes her heart rise; she is afraid of a boat, her foot might slip: and it is safest to stay at home. She is determined to see none but graceful women and fine men; and never attends the theatre lest she should be brought to bed of an elephant, or a Harlequin. She must live high, and partake the choicest luxuries of the table: she pretends that she is longing, and snatches the tid-bits from her neighbour's plate. Nor is her person less accommodated to her supposed situation than her habits. By the assistance of a pad she acquired a degree of *em bon point*; she defied the suspicion of her most scrutinizing friends, and displayed as much anxiety to increase the magnitude of her shape, as Miss C. to conceal her unfortunate prominence from friendly observation.

The latter female having accompanied her mother on a visit to Mrs. L. could not refrain from remarking the pride she felt in her honorable burthen, and the eagerness with which she displayed what it was her endeavour to conceal. Her agitation was visible to the confidante of Mrs. L. and her experience had been too extensive not to enable her to guess the cause. She whispered to Mrs. L. "There is a young girl who has, I believe, too much of what you have too little." Miss C. hearing them whisper, had no doubt that they were speaking of her, and her alarm was increased, when one of the visitors congratulated Mrs. L. on having an experienced midwife. She fainted away on the sofa; she was conveyed to bed in an adjacent room, and her mother having left her to the care of the

midwife ; who soon persuaded her to confess her secret, and to concur in the adoption of a plan that would equally contribute to the felicity of all parties.

Miss C. was delivered of a girl at one of these convenient asylums, so frequently advertised in the columns of our morning papers ; and returned to town from the visit to her aunt as fresh, as lively, and as pure as before her departure. In the mean time Mrs. L. approached her *accouchement* : the baby things were made, the gossips bespoke, and nothing was wanting but an infant : a deficiency that was supplied by the little offspring of Miss C. The child was beautiful, and as it grew up, she advanced in every valuable acquisition and accomplishment. The life of Mrs. L. terminated so suddenly as to preclude a disclosure equally dictated by policy and feeling. Amelia had now attained her 19th year, when the lover of Miss C. who, swayed by paternal authority, and accustomed by long continued absence to discard the object of his early love from his remembrance, found himself at the age of 31, in a rapid consumption, and reflecting on the injuries he had done Miss C. and that retribution was still within his power, he left the bulk of his fortune to the child with which she had been pregnant when he deserted her, in case she was living, and a handsome income to its mother. If the child was not living the bequest was to be void. Miss C. was in the utmost extremity of want when she learnt her good fortune from an advertisement in the newspaper. She immediately applied to a lawyer, who advised her to institute a suit for the recovery of the child, should private representations prove ineffectual. The astonishment of Mr. L. was great, but the evidence was too powerful to be resisted. Shocked at the idea of losing all the rights of a father in one whom he had been accustomed to love as his own child, he immediately made to Miss C. an offer of marriage ; his proposals were accepted ; she afterwards made him the father of two

other children, and they now reside in circumstances of affluence, happy in themselves and the favorites of society.

THE PLAYERS.

"They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times."

HAMLET.

SIR,

IN my first essay on the subject of the drama, which you obligingly inserted in your number for October last, I promised you a continuation of my communications (the result of many years observation and experience) on that extensive and interesting topic. In compliance with that promise I now take up my pen, and I do it with no small degree of pleasure, as it is in defence of a class of people who are most unjustly and cruelly represented as objects of scorn, suspicion, and censure, not only by the hypocritical or the ignorant part of mankind, but even by too many who take the greatest pleasure in their professional exertions:—my readers will readily perceive that the persecuted class I allude to is the *Players*.

The professors of all the other liberal arts and sciences are justly treated by the world; they are estimated according to their quantum of professional talent; and respected or censured, exactly accordingly to their individual degree of moral excellence or turpitude.—It is far otherwise with the unfortunate players; they are lumped together—the whole body are censured for the faults of a few—the very profession itself has a sort of unaccountable stigma affixed to it, which the utmost purity of private character seems insufficient to wipe off.—That is "Mr.—the player"—"Tis Mrs.—the actress"—At these cabalistic words, the bigoted and the hypocritical turn away with abhorrence, the witty launch a sarcasm; the cox-

comb sneers ; pride elevates its head ; and malevolence retails the subject of a paragraph.

What is the cause of all this ?—Why is the player to be thought less worthy of respect than the painter, the statuary, the lawyer, the writer, or the physician—more especially as it cannot be denied that great natural and acquired abilities are requisite to attain even a moderate proportion of histrionic excellence ?—Surely it is praiseworthy to endeavour to trace this unreasonable prejudice to its source, and, if possible, put a period to its existence in this enlightened country.

The wisest and most polished nations of the world have ever considered the stage as the nurse of poetry—the parent of the arts—the chastiser of vice—the terror of folly—and the promoter of all the virtues :—of course its professors should be entitled to the greatest respect, and most liberal encouragement.—So thought the Greeks and Romans in their best days ; their actors were crowned with honours and riches, admitted to fill important offices in the state, buried with distinguished ceremonies, and their virtues recorded for the imitation of posterity. As these empires declined, so declined the stage, and at their fall the stage was overwhelmed in their ruins.

“When learning’s triumphs o’er her barbarous foes

“First rear’d the stage”——

in this country, strong prejudices appear to have taken root against it fostered by the clergy, and consequently adopted by all devout and grave persons.—The actors were loaded with contempt and censure. The consequence was, that but few persons of education, talent and character ventured to embark in a profession where the profits were small and the scandal great.—Shakespeare himself seems to have been driven into it by necessity rather than choice. Accordingly, in his tragedy of Hamlet, though he beautifully and truly dilates on the utility of the stage, he very naturally introduces the players, as they were in his own time, in no very respectable

point of view. He even makes the philosophic and liberal mind of Hamlet treat them with little deference, while he speaks with suspicion of their private character.—The prologues and epilogues of the succeeding age tend to prove the contempt and odium under which the players of that period struggled; and too many of them appear to have deserved no better fate.

Notwithstanding every obstacle, the British stage has kept pace with the nation in its rapid advance to eminence and glory. Its beneficial effects are felt, acknowledged, and liberally encouraged, by the great body of the people.—This has been greatly owing to the extraordinary talents, great exertions and high character of Garrick, well seconded by many eminent performers of the present time.—Yet, though the *stage* has compleatly triumphed over ancient prejudice and modern fanaticism, its *professors* have not been equally successful; for though enabled by public liberality to live in a respectable style, and greatly countenanced by the upper circles of society, still a certain degree of odium and ridicule is attached to the profession of a player.—From whence then does this arise?—I will answer briefly and plainly—Entirely from the inattention of the British public to the performance of a sacred duty, aided by the culpable negligence of those persons who have been and now are in the management of the theatres.—This requires explanation.

The Greek and Roman Theatres were public property. none were permitted to appear upon them but persons properly qualified by nature and education, and above all, whose excellent private characters entitled them to stand erect before the awful gaze of their assembled countrymen, whilst they recited those noble sentiments of heroic patriotism, those sublime lessons of morality, those bitter sarcasms on vice and folly, which struck with irresistible force upon the feelings of the audience, because uttered by persons whose manners they admired, and whose virtues they venerated.

The British theatres, on the contrary, are the property of a few individuals, who, provided they can draw full houses, care very little by what means; and engage indiscriminately such performers as seem likely to please the public, or who may happen to be pressed upon them by powerful personages, or private friends. Hence it sometimes happens, that persons of inferior abilities, and of the worst morals, in the provincial theatres, find it easy to obtain engagements in the metropolis. An ignorant, dull, impudent fellow, possessed of a tolerable figure and showy address, can by the vilest means creep into favour with a provincial manager, and with some of the leading supporters of the theatre; he is consequently put in possession of the best character in every play, to the exclusion of much better actors than himself, who are too good to descend to such vile arts: a performer happens to be wanted in London to support his cast of characters, and he is engaged merely because he has for some time filled that line in a respectable country company.—In a similar manner, an actress (married or single) who happens to have an agreeable person, if she chooses to play the wanton, can easily procure the *protection* of the manager or some of his patrons, which soon elevates her to the London boards, where her *fascinating* powers in a short time procure her fortune, and perhaps fame. *

* A striking instance of this appears in the astonishing elevation of a young woman, who, from the sediment of one of the lowest strolling companies in England, with no earthly qualification but a pretty face, *worked her way* into a London theatre a few years ago; where her *powers* soon recommended her to the *protection* of a libidinous old Hirco, possessed of immense property, who chooses—

“To foil himself at what he is unfit for.”

Upon this actress (if actress she may be called) he expends upwards of 5000*l.* a year, which she squanders in all the absurd vagaries of an untutored mind, governed by unbridled

The public, however, are infinitely more culpable than the managers. Having a bad opinion of the moral character of players in general, they never take the trouble to distinguish the good from the bad. If a performer has talents to please, they give the most unbounded applause, and fill the house on his or her benefit nights, though they abhor their private character; while, at the same time they treat with negligence or contempt, many virtuous and estimable players, because they do not support a line of characters calculated to draw forth admiration and applause.

It is a common saying among the most respectable part of the public.—“We have nothing to do with the private character of players---we are only to view them in their professional capacity.”—Nothing can be more erroneous, or more dangerous to the rising generation, than this misapplied liberality. Young persons of both sexes eagerly crowd every part of a theatre, from the lower boxes to the one shilling gallery. They soon acquire a knowledge of the characters and manners of the most conspicuous performers. They learn that Mr.—— is a spendthrift, a gambler, a drunkard, a hunter of brothels, a violator of chastity, &c.; that Mrs. or Miss —— is a common woman, or in keeping, &c.: they see those persons loudly applauded by the audience, the house overflowing at their benefits, and they know that they live in luxury and profusion. Now what effect is this calculated to produce in youthful minds? Will not the young men, from the lad of

passions. She keeps a chariot, a town house, and a villa; upon the latter of which she has expended large sums in the most ridiculous gimcrackeries. Like many others of her sisterhood, she affects to screen her vices under the mantle of Charity, by donations to the poor in her vicinity, which are trumpeted forth by those creatures whom she pays to *puff her off* upon the public.—As her absurdities are curious, and very laughable, we may possibly give a sketch of them upon some future occasion.

fortune in the boxes to the apprentice in the gallery, be very apt to think that virtue and vice are mere words of course, without any meaning ; that the lessons of religion, morality, and self denial, which they have received, are mere tricks invented by the cunning of age to deprive them of the natural enjoyments of youth ; and will they not feel an irresistible impulse to imitate the dashing behaviour and unbounded indulgences of the vicious actor whom every body admires and rewards ? As to the young females, from the virgin of quality to the innocent country servant girl, the contagion of this bad example is a thousand times more fatal : their warm imaginations will readily contrast the painful restraints they are daily subjected to, with the universal admiration and boundless liberty enjoyed by the dissipated actress ; virtue will become unpleasant, and vice grow familiar to their thoughts ; which too often lead the higher ranks to elopements, imprudent marriages, and conjugal infidelity, and the lower order to prostitution and ultimate ruin.

Let the intelligent part of the community consider these things deeply, and then say, if the welfare and happiness of society do not materially depend upon discountenancing vice, and encouraging virtue, on the stage, much more than in any other of the liberal professions ; and let us hear no more of those gothic indiscriminating censures upon a respectable class of our fellow subjects, whose labours form the most rational and instructive entertainment of our lives ; and who, taken in the gross, from the metropolitan professors to the itinerant players, have as many great and good qualities to boast, and as few bad ones to be ashamed of, as any other class of men in the nation.

Yours, &c.

PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

MESSENGER BELL, AND THE REGISTER OFFICE.

" I know the knave !"—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,

TRICK and fraud, under all their protean shapes, are, I know, the legitimate objects of your exposure and reproof; and especially those frauds which are intended to entrap the public, and dupe the unsuspecting. As a choice piece of duplicity, therefore, I beg leave to submit the following detail to your readers.

In the Morning Chronicle, of Monday, January 10th, I happened to read the following advertisement, which attracted my attention from its apparent liberality and candour.

" INTELLIGENT, active, clear boys, who have been accustomed to custom-house, or other expeditious writing, or boys in the habit of copying law proceedings, in a neat and expeditious manner, may meet with **CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT**, if their writing and characters be approved of, by sending an account of the manner in which they have been employed, addressed to the actuary at the Westminster Central Mart, and Universal Register Office, corner of Southampton-street, Strand, where they will have an answer. The proposed situation as above, would afford an excellent opportunity for youths coming from school, to obtain an immediate introduction to general business, through the medium of a public office, and without **ANY EXPENCE**; and if their conduct and capacity should be approved for six months, they might proceed to proper salaries."

Having read this advertisement pretty attentively, I reflected a little upon its apparent character, and though always suspicious of advantages of any sort that are proffered through the medium of a public paper, still I thought there might be something in the present case which distinguished it from others, and rendered it worthy of notice. I resolved therefore to make some enquiries respecting this new establishment, and the first result of

those enquiries was that it had been set on foot entirely by Mr. Bell, proprietor of the Weekly Messenger, and that it was utterly destitute of all claims to respectability or sincerity in its professions. If this information be false, Mr. Bell can contradict it. So instinctively indeed did its character seem to be appreciated when known from what quarter it emanated, that *I know as a fact*, several of the papers refused to insert the advertisement, though, as I am not informed that the money was sent with them, I cannot say whether this reluctance arose from any regard for the dignity of the press, or from any apprehensions of not being paid for them when inserted. In whatever motive the refusal originated, the fact simply is that they *were refused!*

This satisfactory intelligence at the outset of my inquiries you may conceive was not calculated to inspire me with very sanguine hopes; but as I am naturally unwilling to credit unsupported calumnies, I resolved to judge for myself, as the most likely way to judge impartially. I called therefore at this *Westminster Central Mart*, and saw a person, who I suppose was the actuary. The result of my interview was simply this—that they would take active, clever youths, employ them in the office “in copying letters and advertisements,” (those were precisely the words) for six months, and give them nothing! “But at the end of the six months, what do you do for them?” “Oh!” replied the smirking actuary, “we do not pledge ourselves to any thing, but *if* the lads should be *very* attentive, *very* punctual, and *very* diligent, we should consider ourselves bound to do something for them.” I tried to ascertain what that *something* might be, but in vain—the cautious agent pledged his employers to nothing specific: so that if any parent or guardian should be credulous enough to place his son or ward in this office, it would very conveniently be found out perhaps, just as the six months were about to expire, that the youth was negligent, or he was unfit, or some other paltry pretext would be devised to get rid of any

responsibility after having benefited themselves by his labor, and he would be dismissed ; or if this should not be practicable, an insignificant stipend would be assigned, just sufficient to verify the vague terms of the engagement, and to provoke the parent to withdraw his son.

Really, Mr. Editor, I think I never heard of, or knew, a more expert system for obtaining labor without hire, than this, or one that was avowed with more unblushing impudence. Supposing, for a moment, the general objects of this establishment to succeed, (for it is in fact neither more nor less than a Register Office for hiring of servants,) and its business to increase with tolerable rapidity, the honest and candid founder of the institution, (who I think may be allowed, in this instance, to bear the *Bell* from all tricking projectors) would have that business transacted free of any expence through the medium of as gross a piece of delusion as even this age of quackery can produce. I confess I was a little astonished at the simple ingenuousness of countenance (*puer ingenui vultus, ingenuique pudoris*) exhibited by the actuary, as he modestly unfolded the mysteries of this fascinating scheme, which was to enrich one or more crafty individuals, by the unsuspecting confidence of more honorable men. He really seemed quite unconscious (or if conscious, had a most felicitous power of assuming an innocent sort of ignorance) that he was explaining the principles of an undertaking which had no other visible foundation than what rested upon the presumed simplicity of unthinking integrity, or that he was advocating a procedure, which while it professed to secure benefits to others, used the prospect of those benefits only as a delusion to promulgate more widely the knowledge of an infant establishment. In either case his was no honourable office, and whether Mr. Bell, or any other, be at the bottom of the thing, I trust this plain recital of facts will serve to put the public upon their guard against the quackery of an advertisement which surpasses in effrontery those of Dr.

Solomon, the notorious money-lender of Mary-le-bone, or the empirical bibliopolist of St. George's parish.

I remain, &c.

CASTIGATOR.

SANCTIMONIOUS PERFIDY.

"Are there no stones in heaven, but what serve for the thunder?"

Precious villain!"

OTHELLO:

HYPOCRISY is, perhaps, the most detestable, as well as the most cowardly vice incident to human nature: coiled like the gilded serpent in the solar ray, the specious hypocrite lures but to destroy: open violence may be dextrously parried, common fraud may be detected; yet who can, in every case, successfully contravene hypocrisy? But the most dangerous species of this wily tribe, by far, is the fawning, canting, *religious hypocrite*, especially if his flock be composed of, as is too frequently the case, those whose sterility of understanding can only be surpassed by the effervescence of their imagination. An artful villain presiding over an assemblage of this cast is capable of committing any atrocity depravity can suggest; insidiously worming himself into the hearts already moulded to his purpose, in vain may wisdom warn; bootless is the caution of prudence, reproof only awakens obstinacy, the deluded victim sinks defenceless into the jaws of the hyena, whose querulous accents had attracted from the bower of mistaken pity, to the cavern of destruction.

An occurrence which happened lately in this neighbourhood gave rise to the foregoing reflections; the circumstances were nearly as follow: A very honest and industrious farmer had brought up to maturity, with credit to society and comfort unto himself, a large family of children; one of the daughters married a *preacher*

of the *Anabaptist* persuasion, a man of some celebrity, and well known in Nottingham. She being near accouchement of her *sixth* child preferred a request to her father that her youngest sister, about twenty years of age, might be permitted to take up her abode in the same house, and thereby enliven, in some measure, the hours of confinement. Perhaps there never was a more perfect image of meekness than this ill-fated maiden; she was, in fact, modesty personified: by what insidious arts the sanctified villain of a husband wrought upon her unsuspecting nature remains a secret; but certain it is, during her residence under his roof the perfidious wretch seduced her, robbed of her innocence the sister of that wife who had borne him six children!!! In a short time her pregnancy being become apparent, she confessed to her father the horrid connection; any endeavour to pourtray the feelings of a parent under the anguish of such a stroke would be a mockery of description. When the vile wretch was taxed with and interrogated upon the transaction, he could only stammer out, in defence, it was the *devil!!!* But this, it seems, is "the excellent foppery of the age." A ruffian attacks his fellow citizen, plunders him of his property, and by such means, not unlikely, reduces him to beggary—it was the *impulse of the moment*. An assassin at the drear and solemn hour of midnight rushed upon his sleeping and unguarded prey, deprives society of some of its brightest ornaments, and when overtaken by the stern arm of justice whines in extenuation—it was the *impulse of the moment*.—Away with such wretched, such impotent attempts to impose on the credulity of an infatuated public! 'Tis neither more nor less than an endeavour, in such like cases, to sanction murder.

Were it possible to bare the inmost recesses of the breast of this pharisaical hypocrite; could the springs of the heart of this abandoned destroyer of the peace of a family be laid open to inspection, the murky catalogue of vices there exhibited would, doubtless, be sufficient to wither the stoutest nerves, appal the most undaunted

understanding. That any man of this die should again presume to touch the sacred volume, to harangue an audience upon the excellence of *Christian virtues*, to deal out anathemas against the violators of moral rectitude, and to be attended to with common patience, is, I confess, far beyond my feeble comprehension; but, that such things are is no less amazing than authentic. "'Tis true—'tis pity—and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Southwell, Jan. 18, 1814.

VERITAS.

FEMALE CHARACTERS,

AND

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR,

A FEW months ago I arrived in London, after a long absence in the West Indies, with a determination to enjoy in my native town the fortune I had acquired by a long succession of dangers and fatigues. Convinced, however, that at the age of forty no man is happy as a bachelor, it became my first duty to select a fair partner who might participate in my prosperity, and content to be secluded from the busy world, and from the enjoyment of tumultuous pleasures, might communicate to solitude additional charms, and enliven the social circle by her intelligence and good nature. A stranger to the society of the metropolis, and too long absent from England to remember the companions of my early years, I was compelled to have recourse to the inconvenient and obvious medium of an advertisement. I therefore inserted in the *Times* and the *Post* a statement of my qualifications for the marriage state; and described in terms as glowing as I could, the ardor of my wishes, and the assurance that I felt of being in every way adapted to domestic happiness. Innumerable, Mr. Editor, were the replies to so tempting a proposal; my time was occupied for the first three days after the appearance of my advertise-

ments, in reading billets-doux, and appointing assignations; and I now proceed to describe, as well as I am able, the most prominent of those individuals to whom my matrimonial speculation introduced me.

I have not been so unfortunate indeed as one of my friends, who, instead of advertising himself, transmitted a reply to every matrimonial advertisement that appeared during a space of six months. He had frequently engaged in the assiduous pursuit of the fair and anonymous votaries of wedlock, and was always disappointed. Either the lady was handsome without money, or rich and ugly, either mercenary or capricious. To some of the fair solicitors he entertained a personal dislike, and by others he was himself despised. The latter circumstance, indeed, was by no means extraordinary. He was excessively plain, stammered incessantly, and had one leg shorter than the other. But in his own opinion he was a perfect Adonis, and conceived his attractions, unless impeded by undue influence, to be perfectly irresistible. He was far from forgetting, however, that money is one of the chief requisites to the happiness of matrimony; and at length an advertisement appeared, which promised an easy access to the united enjoyments of independence and love. It was couched in the following language:

“Matrimony—A widowed female, the proprietor of an old and profitable city establishment, of middle age, and she flatters herself by no means disgusting in her person or conversation, feels herself compelled by the forms of society to apologize for this public declaration in a newspaper. As none but principals, however, will be treated with, she hopes that the secrecy of this mode of obtaining an interview, will be the best apology for its boldness. Having discovered by the experience of a year since her husband’s death, how much unqualified is a lonely unprotected female to conduct an extensive concern, requiring talents and a knowledge of business, she would be happy to enter into a conjugal engagement with any respectable individual, who could devote about three hours a day to an examination of her books and the superintendence of her daily transactions. A line addressed to X. Y. Upper Seymour-street will meet with immediate attention.”

The joy of my friend at the perusal of this elegant *morceau* can scarcely be described. "Here," said he, "is the very thing of which I am in search. A prudent, yet not unamiable female, oppressed by an important business, to which she is precluded by her sex from doing the desired justice, wishes to commit her property to the management of some worthy and intelligent individual, who may protect her rights, while he himself, at a small expence of time and labour, fulfils the duties of a lucrative situation : she is doubtless the widow of some deceased and opulent merchant, to whose wealth and station in society I shall succeed."

A letter was accordingly transmitted to Seymour-street, and the next day an answer was received importing that if A. B. would promenade in Fitzroy-square between one and two o'clock on Sunday, a hackney coach would stop on the side of the square opposite Lord Hillsborough's, from which X. Y. would answer to her name. We were punctual to the time appointed ; but instead of finding a single coach, there were no fewer than five, and leaving my companion I paraded backwards and forwards, in order to discover which of them contained the object of our search. At length I perceived a female habited in a dark stuff gown with a green Kevenhuller bonnet, a rosy face, and a vulgar look, leaning back in the coach as if to avoid observation, "Surely," I exclaimed, "this cannot be the lady ;" but I will try the experiment. I therefore whispered A. B. and the lady replied X. Y. Overjoyed at my discovery I hastened to my friend, and escorting him to the coach, thrust him in by the side of his *chere amie*, and left him *tête-à-tête* with the lovely object. I did not meet with him till about a week afterwards ; he bore an air and countenance of the most perfect mortification, intreated me not to laugh at him, and then told me the particulars of this interview. It turned out that this respectable proprietor of an extensive establishment, was the widowed mistress of a cook-shop in *Water-lane*, and that the respectable employment in which he was ex-

pected to assist, was neither more nor less than to stand behind the counter and carve the beef and mutton for her hungry customers! My friend was cured of his mania, and has ever since been a professed enemy to marriage. Let me now return to my own adventures.

The first of the fair ladies who answered my advertisement was Miss Penelope Prim, a lady of great virtue, numerous accomplishments, and a fortune of forty thousand pounds, with only the slight drawback on all these advantages of having reached her fiftieth year. I was ushered up stairs, and after waiting some time the maid returned to inform me, that her mistress was excessively busy, and would wish to see me in the nursery. As I understood that she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the message. I followed the servant, and was conducted into a room where her mistress was combining a little white dog that lay in her lap, with a parrot perched on one arm of her sofa, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat, with half a dozen kittens, in the corner. The whole room, which was extremely spacious, was a nursery for all kinds of animals, and was hung everywhere with cages, containing parrots, nightingales, mackaws, canary birds, goldfinches, &c. On the chair were several cats reposing on soft cushions, and there were several baskets arranged in various parts of the room filled with Fidos, pugs, Indian cajagos, and spaniels from Iceland.* I shall not relate to you, Mr. Editor, the particulars of our first explanation, nor my astonishment that a female, desirous of entering into the marriage state, should select the scene of her folly, and unamiable propensities, as the place of her interview with a professed supplicant for her hand. After the first reciprocations indeed of mutual good will, she returned to her favorites with as much eagerness as if she had been unconscious that a stranger was present. On my smiling

* Exaggerated as this description may appear, the above articles of living furniture were saved from the flames at the late fire near Molton-street.

at the eagerness with which she embraced a little motley darling of a poodle; "I am afraid," said she, "that you do not love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel! poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world: nor do I see that a lady ought not to indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men squander your estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds."

She shewed me a billet of congratulation, from a fashionable friend, which was couched in terms similar to the following. "Mr. ——'s compliments to Miss ——, is glad to hear her Chloe is safely delivered, and begs as a particular favor, that she would be pleased to set him down for a *puppy*."—As I was afraid that to prolong the conversation, would be to deserve the character so witlessly given by this gentleman of himself, I paid the lady a few compliments, and after imprinting a kiss on her fair hand, took my leave equally afflicted and astonished.

The next upon my list had written about fifty novels, was an adept in chemistry, and so sweetly sentimental, and interestingly pathetic, that had I only wished in my future partner the companion of a leisure hour, I should certainly have been immediately enchained in the bonds of Hymen. She was quite an adept in the science of botany, understood the seven dialects of Otaheite; had studied with perseverance the laws and nature of Galvanism, and could re-animate a dead frog with as much dexterity as Sir Humphry Davy, or Galvani himself. To this accumulation of knowledge I had no great objection, till I found that she had read the Political Justice of Godwin, and the Delphine of Madame de Stael, was an enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau's Heloise, and could quote with fluency the most striking pages of Pope's Epistle to Abelard. I was afraid that in case of our matrimonial union, the practice might be substituted for the theory, and therefore determined to evade the experiment.

The next fair creature whom it was my fortune to visit, was the relict of Lord H. who had left her a fortune

of about two thousand pounds per annum. Her manners were lofty and her appearance prepossessing. My visits were repeated, and our intercourse might have terminated in conjugal alliance, but for my discovery of her imperious and impatient temper. My last interview was obtained at a moment when the lady was afflicted with the toothache. The surgeon had just arrived, and insisted on the necessity of extraction. This afflicted her ladyship with mortal anguish. She declared that she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the operation performed on some other person in her presence.

All the servants were therefore summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade each of them to have a tooth drawn for her satisfaction, but they all refused, and chose to lose their places rather than their teeth. At length the coachman acceded to her wishes, but after he had fairly undergone the operation, the surgeon was dismissed without having occasion on the part of the lady to exercise his skill.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the characters of three out of the twenty to whom I have had the honour of casual introduction: if these sketches be acceptable, I shall continue the correspondence till my stock of originals is exhausted; and in the mean time, I remain your most obedient servant,

P. P.

LIVING ANIMALS

SELECTED TO
RANGE IN THE R——— PARK.

THE POLE CAT.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames, Multa petentibus,
De sunt multa.

HORACE.

Gold when procur'd, becomes a baneful store,
Since lucre gain'd, begets the wish for more.

A *Long*-ing once the Pole-Cat felt,
To share the stores of Mammon,
At sight of gold its heart could melt,
For coin procures both plaid and kelt,
So off it hied to gammon,
And the purse was strong
And pocket was *Long*,
Which it strove to secure in its tether ;
So it chanted a song,
All about pull a *Long*,
Dame Fortune let's both pull together.

Now so it happ'd a Monkey too,
Like *Pole Cat* courted riches,
It was true antic ape to view,
Arrayed in garb of motley hue,
For gawds the dolt bewitches,
A third came a *Long*,
With *Warden* so strong,
An animal it was quite killing,
So they all sang a song,
And the burthen was *Long* ;
For each bent at Cræsus' shrine willing.*

* As the creature that witnessed this rivalry must have been well aware of the sterling talisman which incited the proceedings of its adorers, the sy-cophancy of these dangles could have afforded little pleasure to the idol in question ; for where a knowledge exists that neither *self* nor personal acquirements constitute the ardor of the soul, when a permanent alliance is intended, the creature so addressed is neither flattered prior to the union, nor is there much prospect of felicity when the junction is actually ratified.

But now behold a huge Sea Calf
 Made known its fond pretension;
 Its gizzard was too big by half,
 Yet stores of gold the fish could quaff,
 So vast its maw's extension;
 Thus puffing a *Long*,
 It grunted forth strong,
 O! I am a prince among fishes,
 Then it surely were wrong,
 E'er to choose from the throng,
 Another to clear fortune's dishes,*
 The *Pole Cat* bolder plied his suit,
 Both fire and sword uniting,
 For well the animal could shoot,
 Thus *Warden's Killing* beast was mute,
 The Monkey lov'd not fighting,
 Dismiss'd was the song,
 Of *Sea Calf* so *Long*,
 Thus *Pole Cat* came off riches claiming,
 Still the purse though thus strong,
 May be emptied ere *Long*,
 Should *Poley* e'er feel an itch for gaming.†

* Such a flagrant measure as that resorted to by the Sea Calf upon this occasion was never before put into practice by the inhabitants of earth, air, or water; and the manner in which these overtures were received, does not only afford a convincing proof that the sordid desires of the fish were most fully appreciated, but further display the golden idol as possessing a mind superior to the glittering assaults of vanity, and the gratification of ostentatious pride; the humiliation of the Sea Calf was indeed most complete, whose rapacity called down upon its head the streams of Jordan, which might well have cried with the Latinist:

*Auto pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
 Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.*

† A report was prevalent a short time back, having, as we believe, truth for its foundation, from which the public was given to understand that our *Pole Cat*, after engaging with some sharks and foxes, had lost in two nights, what was worth to him as an animal, upwards of £100,000; be this as it may, we know for a certainty, that the *Pole Cat* has lately dismissed a portion of its retinue, and that not long since our animal burrowed in Threadneedle-street, for the purpose, as it was surmised, of reinstating this defalcation by raising an adequate sum of money upon annuities; should all this prove a matter of fact, it will afford no small share of gratification to numerous Essex animals who have most unequivocally reprobated the lofty spirit of our fortunate *Pole Cat*.

THE EARWIG.

Cattive lingue tagliano piu che spade.

That tongue which utters scandal's word,
Is far more cutting than the sword.

To New Park comes from Cambridgeshire,

With self importance big,

A swinging large *Earwig*,*

Its bosom burning with the fire

Of tittle-tattle mean desire.

Sometimes it crawls to R——l mother,

Who loves each tale to hear,

Thus whisper'd in the ear ;

'Tis sometimes sister, sometimes brother,

If scandal† greets both one or t'other.

Our insect owns beyond compare,

Besides the itch for prattle,

And gossip tittle tattle,

A liking for performance rare,

Of German or Italian air.‡

Pursuits like these mine *Earwig* grace,

Thus unto it belong,

The chatt'rer and the song,

With which it occupies time's space

An insect of right noble race.

Sometimes inspir'd with Mars-like passion

It dreams of siege and fight,

Great Boney put to flight,

And longs for fame at once to dash on

With *envied staff* and *Marshal's sash on*.||

* The Earwig chosen for the New R——cy Park is like others of its race blessed with a monstrous portly body, which brings to recollection the old proverb that states—" Ill weeds grow apace."

† When once *cacoethes loquendi* has taken possession of the tongue, no earthly power can eradicate the baleful germ, which like a poisonous tree ramifies in all directions, tainting every goodly plant that spreads its verdure beneath the blighting shade.

‡ If our insect tickles the ears of other creatures, it is no less fond of having its own auricular faculties gratified by the sounds of music, for which predilection it is reported to be particularly famed.

|| There are creatures which, clad in the raiment of Mars, conceive these trappings sufficient to constitute the martial her^o experience however

Nor be alike forgot the ladies
 With whom it loves to play,
 Nor feels its soul less gay,
 With feast and wine, when board array'd is—
 To wench, booze, guttle, pr——ly trade is.

CROSS READINGS.

1. We hear that a divorce will speedily take place—a recipe for the distemper among the horned cattle.

2. Yesterday at St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of Chester, was married the Hon. and Rev. A. B.—the reason of his committing this rash action is not known.

3. Notwithstanding the present exorbitant price of candles—several dark transactions will certainly come to light.

4. There is a general combination of the ladies of Bath---to encourage none but their own commodities.

5. A certain great assembly will meet on the 2d of March—when there will be “The Devil to pay.”

6. Yesterday it was observed that a number of dogs—appeared in the collars of their respective orders.

7. Last night a large ship broke from her moorings—N. B. This is not the first time of her eloping.

8. She received considerable damage in her hull—therefore I will pay no debts of her contracting.

9. Country dances taught with the true method of footing—particularly addressed to the dealers in hops.

10. Money to any amount always ready—no family ought to be without it.

11. To the curious in genuine Irish Blackguard—Vetus in our next.

12. For the last two years the opposition—in a deep decline without hopes of recovery.

inculcates a far different lesson ; since it is one thing to marshal troops upon parade, another to assume a general's command at the eventful juncture of efficient fighting.

13. On Wednesday died after eating a hearty supper—the worthy alderman of the ward of Portsoken.

14. He was buried in the same vault with his spouse—at present below par, but it is thought they will be up again.

15. Is any one costive or troubled with wind—it is confidently *reported* at the other end.

16. Lost or mislaid by accident—the reputation of a marchioness at the west end.

17. Yesterday as the custom officers were in search of smuggled goods, they saw—Lady E—— in a coach and pair with two out-riders.

18. A young women genteely educated is willing—a captain in the Irish establishment would be *glad to*——

19. In these times of scurrility and abuse—apply to the Alderman of the ward of Billingsgate.

20. Yesterday being the birth-day of Lord H—the damage done thereby is said to be considerable.

21. Among the mob there was a great number of footmen—a precept having been issued for summoning the livery.

22. The friends of freedom are resolved to assist Col. Wardle—for the last time this season—"A new Way to pay old Debts."

23. Three pair of the Prince Regent's breeches were pawned—but there will be no new loan this year.

24. We hear that several eminent patriots—N. B. Beware of such, for they are counterfeits.

25. Last night a desperate gang broke into a house in Pall Mall—and they all had the honour to kiss the Regent's hand.

26. On Tuesday at common hall a remonstrance was voted—never were inflammatory disorders so frequent as at present.

27. A number of loose and disorderly persons were assembled—we observed among the crowd his royal highness the Prince Regent, Lord Yarmouth, the Duke of Clarence, and many other noble and exalted personages.

POLITICAL OBSERVER.

THE progress of the allies in France is opposed on the part of Napoleon with an activity and vigor that are only counteracted by the disaffection or indifference of the people. They display no symptoms of that enthusiasm which in the year 1793, confounded the calculations of their invaders, and defied the prowess and the resources of the united continent. Harassed and distressed as they have been by a long succession of domestic tyrants ; no longer deluded by the splendor of conquest, and anxious only for the restoration of tranquillity, it may well be imagined that the deep and lasting injuries sustained beneath the dominion of Bonaparte, when his fame as a general no longer eclipses his cruelties as a man, and his offences as a sovereign, must be continually present to his subjects, and exasperate their minds to secret and determined vengeance : it is not possible that a nation of which scarcely a single family has not sustained the loss of some valuable member, through the wickedness or fatuity of its sovereign, should *collectively* support his tottering power, or conduce by their exertions to the stability of his throne. Still less will this be the case if his glory have been tarnished, his resources destroyed, his association in the minds of the people with their ideas of national glory and military skill completely dissipated. France is a nation of enthusiasts, indulging in the caprices interwoven with all their dreams of military glory and extensive conquest. As the imagination is gradually undeceived, they recover from the delirium of national ambition to the rational contemplation of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, and calculate the comparative loss or gain of two obvious and decided lines of conduct. They will perceive that the retention of Buonaparte on the throne of France, will involve their country in endless and unprofitable warfare ; they will judge of the future by the past ; and disgusted and alarmed by the anticipation of a future struggle under a chief in whose military talents and political prudence they place

no confidence, the great body of the nation will probably welcome the descendants of their ancient monarchs with no unfriendly feeling; and contrasting the mild and honorable character of their former sovereigns with the desperate policy, the despotic ferocity, and unamiable propensities of their present ruler, resolve upon the chance at least of an alteration for the better, and join the standard of the Bourbons with joyful alacrity.

It is impossible that the innumerable families who have been impoverished and distressed by the conscript laws, by the expenditure of human blood in unprofitable wars, and the general desolation of a once populous and happy country, should endure their wrongs with the apathy that marked their submission to Napoleon during his career of success. The fate of their relatives and friends is too satisfactorily determined by the approach of the allies to permit them to be deceived by fallacious hope or official misrepresentation. It cannot be believed that a nation consisting of thirty millions of men could witness without deep indignation and exquisite anguish the loss of 500,000 of its finest population. The groans of the French people have not been loud but deep: it depends on the allies whether they expand into full and dreadful expression.

In our last number we have deprecated the sacrifice on the part of the allies, of great and momentous advantages, to the chivalrous espousal of the Bourbon cause, and the continuance of an interminable war against a government supported and cherished by the people of France. But if it should hereafter appear that the political indications of the present month are not entirely fallacious, that the French nation is at least indifferent to the fate of Buonaparte, and would coincide without unwillingness in any rational and probable plan for the government of France suggested by the allies, it would not only be an act of madness but of ingratitude, for the latter to disclaim the just pretensions of the Bourbon family, to violate repeated promises of persevering exertion

in favour of their restoration, to forget the alliances, and the reciprocal pledges that were interchanged at the commencement of the anti-republican war.

Have the allies forgot that the life of Louis the 16th was in all probability the sacrifice of their indiscretion ; that the professed object of their invading France was the restoration of the Bourbon family ; and that in various treaties and manifestoes this very object was inserted as the most prominent stipulation. If, therefore, it be not found inconsistent with good policy to espouse the cause of the Bourbons, (and, since our last month's speculation, the opinion of the allies appears to have changed,) the common feelings of our nature, the remembrance of former obligations, the expedience of exhibiting a striking example of retributive justice, and every other sentiment and consideration of honor and policy, should excite them to contend for the restoration of the legitimate successors to the throne.

It has been attempted to demonstrate the unfitness of the Bourbons for the possession of supreme authority, by a reference to the tyrannical practices and oppressive laws which characterized the constitution of France previous to the revolution ; and a long list of penalties and interdictions has been collected from Arthur Young, to evince the misery, the bondage, and the poverty of the French people beneath the legal injustice and avarice of their superiors. But the writers who promulgate these statements themselves admit that these relics of feudal despotism have been long abolished ; that they derived much of their stability from the antiquity of their establishment, and their connection with the daily prejudices of the people ; that to restore them would be as impossible as impolitic, and that the return of the legitimate princes does not necessarily imply the continuation of the evils that had been matured under a long succession of arbitrary monarchs. The Bourbons will ascend the throne with the same rights and the same obligations as any other individuals who might become the object of popu-

lar choice. Louis the 18th has avowed his intention, it is true, of enforcing the ancient laws of the realm; but such a declaration cannot be supposed to apply to those of which the injustice is apparent: nor can it be expected that the family should be restored, but after an open and minute understanding with the allies, and with the people of France. A mutual compact between representatives elected by the popular voice, and their intended sovereign, embracing the leading points of the new constitution, and leaving the minute details to future discussion, will be equally beneficial to the prince and the subject: to the one by protecting the outworks of freedom, to the other by restraining his ambition of rule within the limits of a determined sphere of action.

We still retain our opinion, however, that if the Bourbons cannot be restored but by the prolongation of the war, or the secession of Austria from the alliance, it would be more expedient to conclude a substantial and well-secured peace with Napoleon, than to render their accession to the throne the serious object of their endeavours. The fortunes of the enemy should teach them moderation; the most flattering appearances are oftentimes the most fallacious; and who would have predicted, only two years ago, that at the close of 1813, Buonaparte should be doomed to defend himself in the vicinity of Paris, implore the compassion of his subjects, and tremble at the prospect of dethronement?

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

We are perpetually reminded by divines and moralists that in the transactions of this world there is often a system of retributive justice visible, from which a strong demonstration in favour of a Deity is frequently inferred. An attentive examination of history will certainly verify this doctrine: in some signal instances the inventors of in-

struments of torture have often been the first victims of their own skill, as Phalaris, whom the tyrant condemned to perish in the brazen bull he had constructed; and Dr. Guillotin of Paris, who is reported to have been among the earliest of those who suffered death from the machine that bears his name. To these cases, singled out from many others, may, I think, be added another of very recent occurrence, and which, though not exactly complete, yet exhibits a remarkable degree of affinity. It relates to a very distinguished personage, no less a one than our wise and magnanimous foreign secretary, Lord Castlereagh. It appears from accounts received from Holland that his lordship had nearly suffered shipwreck during his passage, an ominous circumstance of itself, when combined with two other circumstances attending his departure, viz. that he sailed in the *Erebus* frigate, and had a thick fog all the way; but the remarkable coincidence which I wish to point out is, that his lordship narrowly escaped shipwreck on the island of *Walcheren*. At the sight of that fatal island, to whose pestilential climate he devoted so many of our brave but unfortunate countrymen, what must have been his feelings? And had he actually been shipwrecked there, how might a fanciful imagination have believed that the "finger of providence" was in it, as Buonaparte said at the death of Moreau. But happily for Europe and his country, this profound and enlightened statesman still lives to bless the world, and, should the war continue, to plan new expeditions. I remain, &c.

Jan. 28. 1814.

PETER PRY.

Miscellanea.

GENERAL MOREAU.

On the 27th of August, a fatal day, which was marked by a catastrophe so afflicting to all Europe, so terrible to France, and so cruel to the friends of order, and the admirers of real glory, the weather was dreadful; the rain, which fell in torrents

scarcely allowed any use to be made of the artillery, and in spite of every precaution the muskets were so penetrated by the wet that they became useless in the hands of the soldiers. Towards noon Moreau was communicating some military observations to his imperial majesty, who was at a very short distance, when a ball from one of the enemy's batteries, which was aiming to dismount one of ours, behind which these great persons were conversing, shattered to pieces the right knee of the general, and passing through his horse, carried away the calf of his other leg. It would be difficult to represent the grief which my sovereign endured at the sight of this dreadful blow; he was affected by it even to tears, and hastened in person to administer to the hero, who had just been struck, all the succour and consolation that might either soothe or reassure him. Colonel Rapatel had flown to his side to receive him in his arms. "I am lost, my dear Rapatel," said he; "but it is most sweet to die for so good a cause, and before the eyes of so great a prince." The colonel sought to disguise from him his sad condition, saying it was easy to save him; and if a man like him had his head and his heart left, he might still hope to do great services and to run a glorious career. But the general, though unwilling to damp the hopes of friendship, shewed by his silence that he could have no faith in these prognostics, and that already his great soul had perceived death without a fright.

A litter was hastily made with the pikes of the Cossacks, they covered him with some cloaks, and carried him away to a house less exposed to the enemy. It was there that M. Welly, first surgeon to his majesty the emperor Alexander, directly amputated the right leg above the knee: when this first operation was terminated, the general begged him to examine the other, and to tell him if it was possible to save it; but on receiving for answer that this was impossible, "Well then, take it off," said he coolly. I have no need to tell what invariable firmness he displayed in the midst of the torments of both these amputations, or the care he himself took to console those whom he saw weeping over his sufferings; their tears he reproached them with as marks of a pusillanimous friendship.

All night, from the 1st to the 2d of September, the unfortunate Moreau was restless, yet he did not seem to be in pain. He never ceased consulting his repeater, and calling sometimes Colonel Rapatel, and sometimes me, to write after his dictation

a letter to the emperor. At length, toward seven in the morning, finding myself alone with him, he made me take up the pen, and dictated to me the following lines :

“SIRE,

“I go down to the grave with the same sentiments of admiration, respect, and devotedness which your Majesty inspired me with from the first moment of our interview.”

He had got on thus far when he closed his eyes. I thought he was meditating on what he was going to dictate to me, and I held the pen ready to follow him, but he was no more! The best, the noblest of men was no more. Death had imprinted on his countenance no sign of suffering or of convulsion: he appeared to sleep a peaceful slumber; peaceful as was his heart at the moment he was struck.— *Some details concerning General Moreau, &c. by PAUL SVININE.*

ENGLISH GENEROSITY.

The Duke of Nivernois, who came to England in 1762, in quality of ambassador from the court of France, in order to sign the treaty of peace, arrived at Canterbury. The retinue having gone before, he had along with him only a few domestics. The innkeeper at whose house he stopped was unwilling to neglect so favorable an opportunity. “A man,” said he, “of such high quality, entrusted with a power to reconcile two rival nations after a bloody war, will not upon his entry into the kingdom descend to wrangle with an inn-keeper about his bill.” He was in the right. He asked neither more nor less than fifty guineas for one night’s lodging. The enormity of the demand astonished the Duke, who however paid the bill without hesitation, and continued his journey. He would soon have forgotten this species of robbery, and have left the inn-keeper, who thought all was over when he had got the money, to enjoy his booty; but the inhabitants of Canterbury thought otherwise. They regarded the crime as so much the more detestable, as it was a stigma on the honor of the nation. A meeting of the principal inhabitants was therefore called; a letter was written in their name to the duke, earnestly intreating that he would prosecute the inn-keeper. The duke thanked them for their attention, but declined prosecution. The gentlemen then resolved to avenge his cause themselves. The house of the inn-keeper was the largest and best in the town, and the resort to it was great; clubs and

societies met at it, and assemblies, followed by expensive entertainments: his imposition was made public, and no one went near him; even the common people avoided his house with indignation. The inn-keeper did every thing in his power to deprecate the general displeasure, but in vain; the people were deaf to all his prayers and protestations, and unable any longer to keep his inn, he was soon attacked by his creditors and reduced to beggary. He died in London, a waiter at a chop-house.

EPIGRAMS.

On Women.

We men have many faults,
 Poor women have but two ;—
 There's nothing good they say,
 There's nothing good they do.

On seeing a wreath of laurel, with the motto " Qui meruit ferat" attached to it, thrown on the stage, upon the first appearance of Mr. Kemble this season.

When the fam'd wreath of laurel to Johnny was thrown,
 With Nelson's proud motto—" Qui meruit ferat ;"
 That he well deserv'd it each critic must own,—
 Since he honestly *bought* it, why should he not wear it ?

A legal Quibble.

Two learned Serjeants in the law,
 For a rich prize together draw ;—
 To Serjeant *Sh-ph-rd* when it fell,
B-st, hiding his chagrin, cried—" well,"
 While lucky Shepherd, in a jest,
 Tells him—" *whatever is, is BEST.*"

Death a hard Creditor.

Some debtors with their creditors compound,
 To pay a crown or shilling in the pound,
 But *Simpkin*,† e'er from prison he could get,
 Was forc'd, alas ! to pay *Dame Nature's debt* !

† The late proprietor of the *Crown and Anchor*, who lately died in the Fleet-Prison.

On Sir R—d Ph—ll—ps's new residence in Tavistock-square.

Since great Sir Richard's mansion now,
Within a well-built square is found,
His creditors may think, I vow,
That his affairs are got quite round.

*Fair Game.**

To write a wretched farce like this,
Pray what, *Sir Henry Bate*, could urge ye?
But yet, I wonder, you should be
Damn'd, without benefit of clergy.

Theatrical Review.

COVENT GARDEN.

Saturday, January 8.—"THE DUENNA—PANTOMIME."—This second opera in the English language is played with great effect at this theatre. Miss Stephens in *Clara*, and Miss Matthews in *Louisa*, with Sinclair as *Carlos*, and Fawcett as *Isaac*, leave little for the most fastidious taste to wish. The music contains some of Shield's happiest efforts in original composition, and of judgment in selection from old but exquisite airs. The astonishing flexibility and compass of Miss Stephens's voice is finely displayed in "Adieu, thou dreary pile," where the exact and tuneful modulation of her cadences produces the finest imaginable effect. Sinclair introduced Braham's celebrated air of "Just like love;" but the boldness was not justified by success. His voice has great sweetness, but it wants the volume and capacity of Braham's: while in rapidity of execution he is greatly inferior to him. We sometimes pity an actor when he is unavoidably forced into a comparison with a superior competitor; but we have no such feelings of lenity for one who is tempted to the rivalry by vanity and ambition. Mr. Sinclair is qualified neither by nature nor art to contend for the palm of supremacy with Braham. Mr. Broadhurst played *An-*

* A d—d farce, said to be written by the Rev. Sir H. B. D—dl—y.

tonio : he should never, if he can help it, perform a lover's part; for who can believe that he ever inspired a pretty girl with the tender passion ? We would recommend him, also, to be a little more attentive to theatrical effect. When he is serenading his mistress, it is not necessary that he should walk to the front of the stage and sing to the house. In the eye of a good actor the audience is never present. Nothing is supposed to be addressed to them, and whenever a performer forgets this, and declaims to the pit, or directs a good joke to the boxes, he violates the probability of the scene in a way which says but little for his judgment.

Wednesday, Jan. 12, "LOVE IN A VILLAGE." What fondness for impurity is it that induces our managers to retain the coarseness of our earlier dramas, when they find it necessary to revive them ? Surely, while they do not hesitate to mutilate and alter the plays of Shakespeare to adapt them to modern representation, while they freely expunge from those of Otway and Rowe whole scenes, or portions of them, which shorten and improve their general effect, they might, without infringing any speculative delicacy for exactitude, omit those gross allusions, and that broad indecency which our ancestors probably relished, but for which we have so little respect, that a new piece would be condemned if sullied by them. The opera of *Love in a Village* abounds with sentiments, which if meant for wit by the author, is that sort of wit that may be heard in every ale-house, but should be banished from the stage. We really felt for *Miss Booth* (who played *Madge*, in consequence of Mrs. Liston's indisposition) when reproached by *Hodge*, in terms of coarse reviling, with a lapse from virtue, which, even in fiction, female delicacy shrinks from. Emery, too, whose personation of the character is nature in every gesture, tone, and look, gives to the accusation all that rustic brutality which the part requires, but which painfully heightens the disagreeable sensation excited. The song of *Justice Woodcock*, also, we think might be omitted without any detriment to the general interest of the piece.

The several characters were well sustained, with the exception of *Miss Booth* and Mr. Broadhurst. The former we except, because her acting was too good for the part ; the latter, because he played a lover and gentleman. Incedon, in *Hawthorn*, gave more proofs of declining powers than his friends and admirers

can witness without regret. His voice is daily losing all its flexibility and sweetness, and retaining only those hard and low tones, which when blended with the higher ones, produced a pleasing whole, but are harsh and barren when standing alone. *Fawcett* was very successful in *Justice Woodcock*, and Miss *Stephens* in *Rosetta* sung with her wonted taste and delicacy. What a pity that she can transfuse none of the magic of her voice into her action and delivery!

Thursday, Jan. 13th.—"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—This tragedy, disfigured by the patchwork of Dryden, has been revived, rather, we should presume, to gratify the prevailing taste for pomp and decoration, than from any other motive. In scenic splendor it abounds; for there is the sea-fight at Actium, the grand funeral of Antony and Cleopatra, and an Epicedium, all which never fail to make a due impression upon—the galleries. Beyond that all his weariness and languor: not from any want of variety in situation or incident, but from its excess; for the mind is oppressed with incessant change, and seeks relief in a sort of spiritless and passive acquiescence. The events are produced with such rapidity, that no sufficient time is allowed for the fiction to operate. One wife dies, another is wedded, a mistress is abandoned, received again, a hero conquers, a second is defeated, the scene is now at Rome, now in Egypt, and the whole business of the play so jumbled and confounded that the spectator at last finds himself bewildered with a succession of transactions, which rush upon him without any real or apparent connection. This is the inherent defect of the piece as begun by Shakspeare and completed by Dryden. With regard to the acting, it was respectable: nothing more. Young delivered the turgid eloquence of *Antony* with as much solemnity as might be: and Mrs. Faucit exhibited the feminine wiles and meretricious arts of *Cleopatra*, with a broad rather than a delicate colouring. It was amorous vehemence which seemed to seek its own gratification, instead of being used only as an instrument to accomplish designs of more refined and complex artifice. Terry, in *Ventidius*, was an elaborate imitator of Kemble.

Saturday, January 15th.—"CORIOLANUS."—This night witnessed the return of Mr. Kemble to the stage, after an absence of two years; and his reception was such as might gratify his proudest wishes, as an actor, though not exceeding his high deserts. When he entered, the theatre rung with one general and

continued shout, accompanied with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and whatever might best testify the joy of the audience at his return. A wreath of laurel was thrown upon the stage from one of the upper boxes; and when, in the course of the piece, *Meninius*, congratulating him upon his victory at Corioli, says,

"A curse begin at the very root of 's heart
That is not glad to see thee,"

the audience seized the very appropriate sentence, and marked their approbation of it by long continued applauses. Such was his reception: and he, as if stimulated by the generous testimony of public favor, and elevated by its ardor and unanimity, roused all his energies of nature and art, and certainly performed the character with a sustained excellence surpassing any thing which we ever witnessed. It was not as Mr. Kemble's acting too often is, a few splendid irradiations, rendered perhaps more intensely brilliant by the contrast of surrounding tameness and debility; but from first to last, it was one unbroken tissue of elaborate perfection. He seemed as if determined to justify the enthusiasm with which he was received; and he succeeded most amply. We will not now descant upon the trite qualifications of this actor for the personation of a Roman character. His face, his form, his attitudes, and the temperate elegance of his action are all familiar to us: they must be seen to be understood, and, being seen, description becomes superfluous. In his scene with the citizens, where he begs their *voices*, he exhibited in a masterly manner the struggle between patrician haughtiness, which disdained the sanction it solicited, and necessity, which compelled the acquiescence. But his greatest effort, perhaps, was concentrated in the scene with *Aufidius*, who taunts him with the epithet of *boy*. The burst of indignation, the mingled rage, pride, and contempt, with which he uttered the following lines, especially in the last of them, will not be soon forgotten by those who were present:

Measureless liar! Thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it! Boy!
Cut me to pieces, Volscians!
Stain all your edges in me! Boy!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it! Boy!

The rest of the characters were ably sustained. Mrs. Powell was impressive in *Volumnia*; and Blanchard, in *Meninius*, was far superior to what Munden used to be, who always converted the blunt Roman into a theatrical buffoon.

Tuesday, Jan. 18th.—"MACBETH."—On this night we thought Mr. Kemble much less successful than we had seen him on many former occasions. Perhaps he was indisposed, or perhaps he was subdued by the torpid influence of Mrs. Faucit in *Lady Macbeth*, than which we never witnessed a more unsatisfying performance. We will not compare her with Mrs. Siddons, whose parting excellencies are still fresh upon our memory, but we will compare her representation with the character itself. She converted it into a ranting shrew, who scolds and rates at her husband, till she makes the good man comply with her wishes for the sake of peace and quietness. She did not stimulate *Macbeth* to his bad daring, by that keen and bitter suspicion of his personal prowess, that severe contempt for his wavering purpose, that dignified rebuke of his fears and apprehensions, which when portrayed as Mrs. Siddons portrayed them, seemed almost to absolve the guilt of the murderer, by a sort of intuitive confession in the bosom of the spectator, that few men could have resisted such influence; but in lieu of this, she gave us the broad and undistinguishing clamor of a wife, who teazes her husband into submission. In that terrible, but sublime declaration of *Lady Macbeth*, beginning, "I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me," she totally lost the awful solemnity of look, the subdued monotony of voice, which bespoke the worthiness of a heart labouring with monstrous and unnatural sentiment, and substituted in its place the pert, declamatory energy of an enraged and impetuous woman. The same deficiencies characterized her whole performance: yet when she ranted, the galleries were loud in their applause. A significant criterion, if she have good sense enough to appreciate it.

Mr. Egerton, in *Macduff*, created no other feeling but that of regret for the absence of Mr. C. Kemble.

Thursday, Jan. 20. "CATO." This heavy poem, which Voltaire pronounced the only tragedy the English stage possessed, affords but few opportunities for the display of theatrical talent. It has neither passion, nature, nor sentiment, and comprises only a dull series of artificial dialogues. Kemble, in *Cato*, played

the character with as much effect as it is susceptible of. He sustained all the dignity and elevation of a Roman patriot falling in an expiring struggle for the liberties of his country with admirable effect: and when he hears of his son's death, the struggle between the father and the patriot, was finely marked in his delivery of this single line—"I am satisfied!"—His delivery of the soliloquy, "It must be so:—Plato, thou reason'st well," was also very happily given; but nothing could relieve the weariness inspired by the laborious composition of the author himself. Mr. Abbott, in *Porcius*, acquitted himself with respectability. Mr. Vining, in *Marcus*, was alternately an object of pity and laughter: of pity when he spoke; of laughter when he was silent. Mr. Conway played *Juba*; but his artificial folding of the arms, and dropping of the voice at the close of almost every sentence, was unfortunately contrasted with the simplicity of Kemble's action, and the accuracy of his enunciation.

Wednesday, Jan. 26. A new opera, entitled "the Farmer's Wife," was to have been performed this evening; but in consequence of the sudden and alarming indisposition of Miss Mathews, it was unavoidably postponed, and *Love in a Village* substituted in its place, at a very short notice. Mrs. Orger, from Drury-Lane, played Lucinda. The audience grumbled a little at the disappointment; but at last they suffered the performance to proceed.

DRURY-LANE.

Dec. 29.—Mr. Huddart made his debut, in the character of *Shylock*, and was received with moderate approbation. He had evidently studied the character with assiduity, but his powers of expression did not correspond with his conception and his labour. His voice resembles in its destitution of flexibility that of Mr. Conway; his face is only expressive of thoughtfulness, and his attitudes are stiff, laborious, and inelegant. His friends very injudiciously attempted to rebut the criticisms of the morning papers by vague and enthusiastic eulogies on his various and transcendent excellence. It was the first prayer of an ancient philosopher, to be delivered from the kindness of his friends: Mr. Huddart is in the same predicament.

A new piece entitled *Narensky, or the Road to Yaroslaf*, has

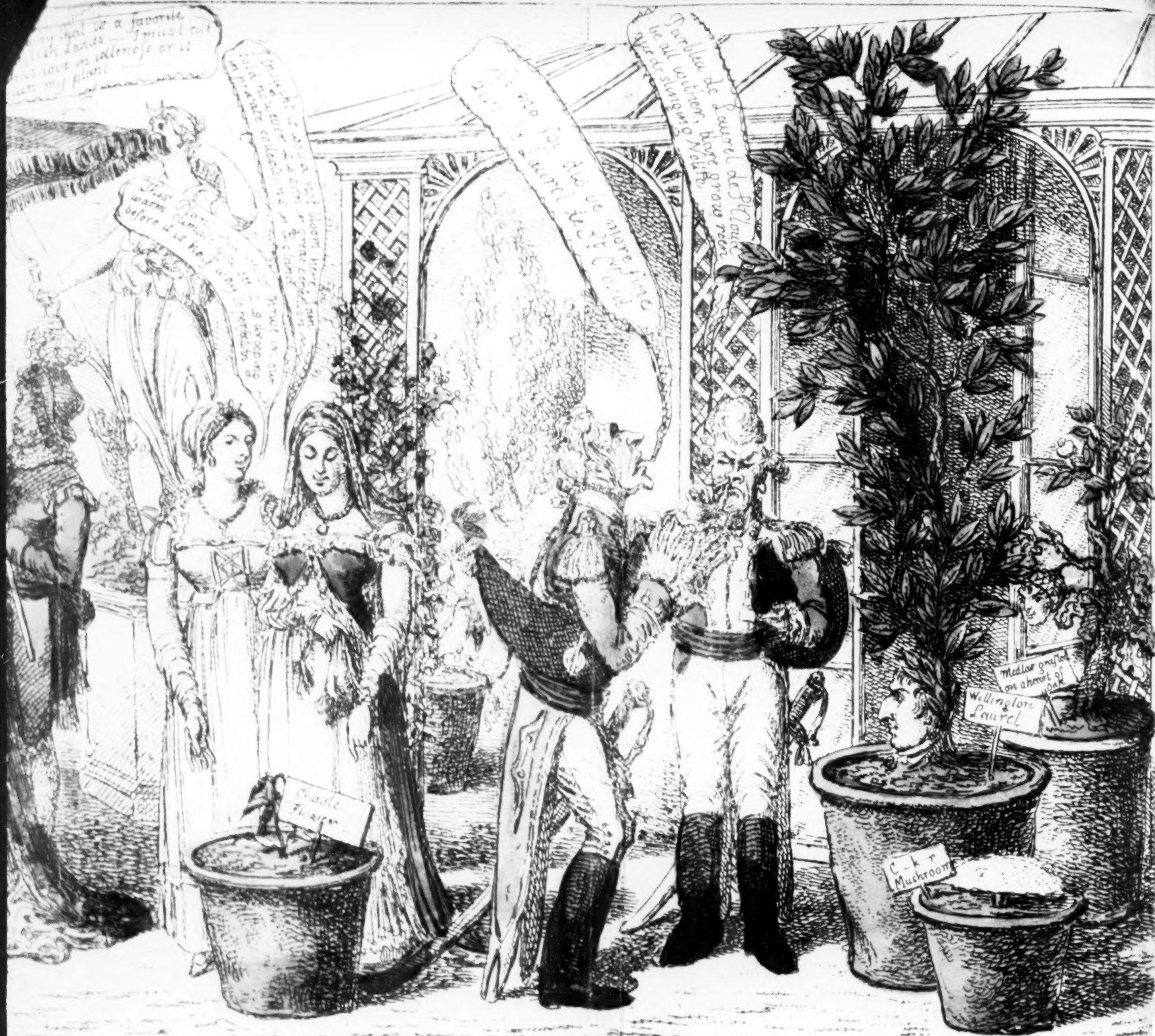
been received with considerable approbation, and continues to command the applause of crowded audiences. It is unfortunate for the author, who formed his plot during his excursion in Russia, that it should bear so perfect a resemblance to that of the Miller and his Men. Demetrief is enamoured of Eliza, the daughter of Saymoylof, a colonel in the army, and is unjustly jealous of his brother officer Narensky. The latter receives a challenge from Demetrief, but anxious to convince his friend of the injustice of his suspicions, and entertaining a just reluctance to accept his challenge, gladly complies with the necessity of a journey to settle his affairs at Yaroslaf. He does not return at the time appointed, and it is supposed that he has fallen by the hand of Demetrief. Saymoylof and his daughter set out therefore in search of him, and are intercepted by a banditti on the road to Yaroslaf. This very troop has seized upon the person of Narensky and urge him to become one of their company. This proposal he strenuously resists, till he learns the capture of Saymoylof and Eliza, when he becomes a member of the gang, and obtains his admission for the purpose of their deliverance. The rest of the plot will be supplied by the reader's own remembrance.

Jan. 26.—A Mr. Kean appeared in the character of Shylock, and was received with deserved applause. His conception of the character, and his delivery of the dialogue were equally admirable. His voice is powerful, his face expressive, and his action appropriate. He is a very valuable acquisition to the Drury-lane boards.





O'TANY or a Peep at Josephine's collection of



Faction of English Exoticks . vide the Champion Jan 20 1814

Pubd March 1 1814 by W N Jones No 5 Newgate St.